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## INSURE YOU

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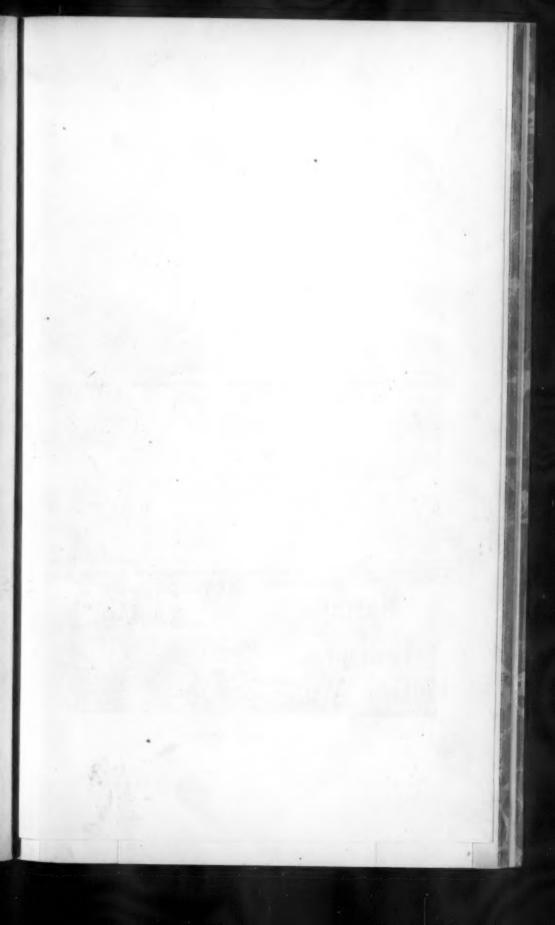
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The most lasting, agreeable, and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers.

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The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: " The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business setentifically and systematically in such a way: that is, so to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."





SUMMER EVENING.







SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN.



FROM MME. DEMOREST.





THE CIRCLE WRAPPER.

A favorite style of wrapper which possesses the triple advantages of being becoming, easily made, and economical. The style is appropriate for all seasons, the material, of course, to be suitable. The one illustrated is in plain blue cambric, trimmed with white linen braid, the design of the trimming being adapted to ordinary wear. Made in more expensive material and more elaborately trimmed it will be found very effective.



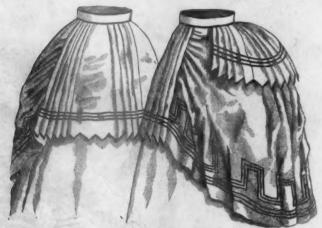
No. 1.—INFANT'S DOUBLE CIRCLE CLOAK.



No. 2.—INFANT'S GORED ROBE.

No. 1.—The circle is the style of cloak most generally worn by infants, varied according to fancy by being made single or double, with or without a hood. The one illustrated is a double circle, with hood, made in white pique, trimmed with ruffles of Hamburgh embroidery. headed with three rows of "snowdrop" trimming. The capes may either be worn together or separately—the short one being most appropriate for an infant in short clothes—and the hood is a matter of fancy, and is usually omitted for summer wear. The same style makes up handsomely for winter wear, in cashmere, wadded and lined, and trimmed with broad bands of quilted silk, the hood to be lined with silk of the same color.

No. 2—A favorite style of robe, gored all round like a Gabrielle dress. The front gore is usually trimmed very elaborately. The same style of trimming being continued around the bottom of the skirt, and a sash, either of the material or rib-hon is attached to each side of the front gore. It should be made in fine nainsook or undressed jecones, and may be trimmed as elaborately with lace or embroidery as fancy may dictate.



NORINA OVERSKIRT.

This design, although very stylish for silk, grenadine, and other dressy materials, recommends itself especially for linen, the trimming flustrated, mobair braid, being designed for that material. If preferred, bands of cambric may be substituted for the braid with fine effect. It may be looped in the back near the sides, if desired, but the latest designs are worn without looping.



No. 1.-AURELIA SLEEVE.



No. 2.—NERISSA SLEEVE.

No. 1.—Made in cambric, lawn, percale, linen, in fact any of the thin washing materials for summer, this sleeve is very stylish and becoming. It is not inappropriate either, for grenadine or summer silk, if fringe or lace is added to the bows.

No. 2.—An unusually becoming sleeve for slender figure. It is suitable for any of the summer materials, especially for grenadine or organdic, the trimming illustrated—lace and narrow puffings—being the most appropriate for organdic, and fringe with the same heading for grenadine.



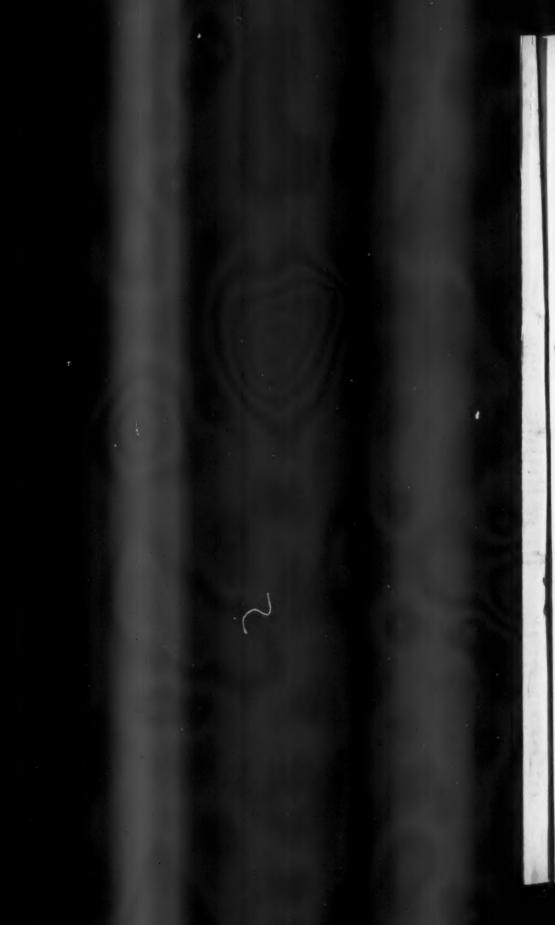
No. 3.-INFANT'S QUILTED BIB.



No. 4.-INFANT'S SACK SHIRT.

No. 3.—A convenient style of bib for infants, especially serviceable for those who are teething. It may be made in fine, soft muslin, wadded slightly and quilted, or in Marseilles, in either case the edges to be finished with small embroidered scallops.

No. 4.—This differs from the ordinary style of shirt used for infants, in being cut in a sack share, with short sleeves, and without shoulder seams. It should be made in fine linen, or linen cambric, delicately embroidered or trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The style is not inappropriate for older children.





REDELIA BASQUE.

Another style of the favorite postillion basque. The centre of the back is disposed in two box plaits, the side forms being continued in a square shape, the fronts are deep and square, and the waist is ornamented with pointed revers, set on, which extend nearly to the waist. The sleere is especially pretty. Although particularly designed for dressy materials, the rtyle can be used with propriety for plaus, without the substitution of a plainer sleeve, as the places in the back can be easily unfastened for ironing.

### DISTINGUE HOUSE TOILETS.

(See double-page Engraving.)

The dresses illustrated are intended for elegant home toilets or stylish morning wear, and are both cut in the same style, differing only in the material and the trimming. Although elaborate in appearance, the cut is very simple. The fronts are in plain sacque shape, with the back in the Polonaise style, failing deep and full over the back of the underskirt, which is attached to a belt. The design of the Polonaise is very unique, as there is no fulness on the side-forms, all the fulness of the skirt being imparted by deep plaits in the middle, and the insertion of a breadth. The Polonaise skirt extends only to the eldes, where it is gathered into the side-seams, the joining being ornamented by a broad sash, trimmed to match the dress. Similar sashes, only smaller, ornament the backs of the wide flowing-sleeves, which are left open to the elbow. A belt is attached to the side-seams, and confines the fronts.

No. 1.—Made in delicate green jackonet lawn, trimmed with fine white Hamburgh embroidery, headed with plaited ruchings of the material, disposed in the back, as seen in the illustration, and continued up the front in robe-shape to the waist, the ruching only being continued up the fronts of the waist, and over the shoulders.

No. 2.—Made in white Victoria lawn, the skirt bordered with a deep flounce, surmounted by double plaitings of the material, edged with Valenciannes lace, the same style of garniture repeated on the rest of the dress, simulating a rounded apron on the front. A becoming little cap of Valenciannes lace, ornamented with a bine gros-grain bow.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See Illustration on next Page.)

Fig. 1.—A simple dress in white pique, trimmed with rows of narrow black and white Marseilles braid. It is made with a simple plain waist and skirt—no overskirt—and three little basques, one in the back and two in the front, are attached to the belt. The disposition of the trimming can be easily copied from the illustration.

Fig. 2.—Sailor Suit, made in blue flaunel, trimmed with narrow white linen braid. The pants are made without fulness, trimmed on the bottom with braid, and ornamented on the outside with braid and buttons. Seliced blouss with broad sailor collar. Glased sailor hat, trimmed with a blue ribbon band with anchors embreidered on the ends.

Fig. 3.—Dress of blue pique, made with a plain gored skirt scalloped on the bottom, and trimmed with white lines braid and pear buttons, and a plain square-necked waist without sleeves, worn over a guinpe of white nainsook, finished at the neck and wrists with Valenciennes lace. Apron overskirt of white nainsook, scalloped and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; this forms long sashes in the back, which are carelessly tied.

Fig. 4.—School Suit in striped green and white percale, consisting of a Gabrielle dress trimmed on the bottom with two narrow bias flourees, headed with bias bands; a plain, full overskirt, trimmed to match and coped high on the sides, and a half tight jacket slashed in front on the sides, and three times in the back. Broad-brimmed hat of white pique, trimmed with ruchings of Victoria laws, and green ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Costume of bright blue slik, the skirt ornamented with sections of box-plaits, surrounded by pinked ruching set within a fold of white silk—the sections connected by strips composed of ruching and a white fold. A lovely little casaque, trimmed with ruching and folds. White chip hat, trimmed with blue crepe and clusters of fine white flowers.

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FROM MME, DEMOREST.

## ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

## TRAVELLING WITH A BABY.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

May.

May Derwent laughed at her mother's troubled tones; a long, light ripple of merriment that told half the story of her careless, shallow character. Her elder sister, rocking May's baby in the low chair by the window, looked up to say: "What is the trouble now, mother?"

"I was wondering how May is ever to get settled in Shellbridge. She has never kept house, she has never even taken as much care of the baby as you, Allie, and what with settling her house and taking charge of him, I think she will have a hard time of it."

May laughed again. Bride of little more than a year, and having always lived at home, she knew, as her mother had said, almost nothing of household matters, and in her happy carelessness was disposed only to laugh at her mother's anxiety over her ignorance. for the house," she said, lightly, "of course, Fred will get me a girl to help settle; and as for baby, I thought Allie was going with me."

"But now that my rheumatism is so much werse, I can't spare her, and that's the trouble. She could take care of both of you if she could go; but she cannot, and you will have your hands full without being troubled with Master Fred. By the way, you are not going to call baby that, I hope.'

"It's better than either of his grandfather's names," May said, her energy more roused for a name than a more practical trouble. "Because they both happen to have dreadful ones is no reason he should be doomed to perpetuate the affliction.

"Why not leave baby here?" Alice asked, hastening to avert the discussion she saw was imminent. "He can do without his mother,

'M sure I don't know what you are to do, and his mother might spare him for a few days. When you are settled I can bring him to you."

Mrs. Dean considered a moment. "That's not so bad an idea, Alice. May could get ready for him with her girl's help, and I could spare you long enough to take him to her. Bless his little heart! Bring him to me, Alice. You never will get him to sleep in that way. It's a mystery to me, May Derwent," as she fondled the child, "why the Lord sent you this baby. You are about as well fitted to take care of it as a butterfly. If Alice were in your place now-"

"And if Alice were," May cried, seeing her sister turn away her head suddenly, "you would not have your grave little housekeeper, and I should not know what to do with myself. It's a merciful providence, in families the size of ours, that one daughter should stay single to help the others. We never thought it would be Allie; but as she and I were the only ones left, she has accepted her mission philosophically."

"It may not yet be too late to repent," her quiet sister said; and if the smile covered a secret pain, no one guessed it. "I'm not yet twenty-five, thank you." And thereupon rising and sweeping her sister a courtesy, she gathered up her work from the table and went out.

But once in her own little room she dropped the long, white seam to the floor, and clasping close her hands, looked out over the brown autumn fields with great tears in her dark eyes. Only for a moment; then exclaiming at her folly, she gathered up her sewing and tried to forget her trouble in her work. But the song that she began to help restore her cheerfulness. came to an end at the first verse, as she re-

membered that it was the one they sang so often at school in her happy long ago.

It was not so very long; only five years since she had come home from school, bringing with her a long diploma, a complimentary letter from the principal, and-a broken hope; of which last only she knew. Elton College was "open to both sexes," and if the bright, beautiful girl flirted in the pauses of study, and won for herself in a half year the name of being first in class, first in fun, and first in the hearts of her school-fellows, it was no wonder. Because she never neglected study for amusement, her teachers pardoned her innocent coquetries, especially as they so soon came to an end. For Alice Dean fell in love, as hopelessly and helplessly as any victim of her wiles, with Frank Pennington, the head scholar of her class. She was living with an aunt in the pretty village where the college was situated; a position that gave her more chances for society than the contracted round of a boardingscholar. Frank, being likewise in the house of an old friend, no rules prohibited frequent meeting. In age, position, and appearance, the two were just on a level, and the prospective union of hearts and hands was regarded with favor by observant friends. One person, however, dissented-Carl Fredrich Reichman, professor of music, as the catalogue proclaimed him, a bachelor of thirty, far from prepossessing in personal appearance, a lover of Alice Dean. He had fancied the girl from the moment when she took her place on the piano stool for her first lesson from him, and the fancy had grown with every week. Discovering how clear and sweet was her voice, he had persuaded her to add vocal lessons to piano studies, and no little pleasure did he take in her training. much pleasure; for the sweet voice, the lovely face, were snares to him, and he forgot, seeing and hearing her, his oft-repeated vows of celibacy. Unfortunately it was his duty also to train Frank Pennington's voice, and, one being soprano, the other tenor, it followed, as a matter of course, that Alice and he should sing together often in school performances. Carl Reichman, against his will, helped the slow growth, between these two, of an attachment that was the ruin of all his hopes.

And so the course of true love ran smooth till a week before commencement, when both these two were to leave achool. Alice was everwhelmed with work, and what with essay writing and copying, music rehearsals, reviews, and examination of studies, class plans, and the unfailing dressmaking that forever rounds

the sphere of womanly endeavor, hardly knew what she was about. She was worn out and nervous, and petulant with every one, not excepting her lover. And the end of it was that one day they quarrelled. They would have made up the next hour probaby, had not that been the time of Alice's last music lesson. And her teacher finding her silent and a little tearful, drew his own conclusions and told his own story. How it came about, Alice hardly knew; but what with pride and pique and shame, she did a very foolish thing-let him believe that sometime she might learn to like him well enough to marry him. When, that evening, having spent the hours between in alternate tears at her trouble and anger at her folly, Alice, her pride compelling her to it, appeared at the last rehearsal of the musicclass, the professor's attentions were too marked not to be noticed. And Frank, seeing them, took back all the penitent speeches he had been ready to make her, and was so tiff and cold, that in desperation the girl went on in her folly. It was all over in a week and she was home, sobbing out her trouble in her own little room, and, with the family; doing her best to be the careless little girl they had sent away to school. Her common sense, however, returned after a few weeks. She was not ready to make herself miserable for life for her pride, and her engagement with Professor Reichman was broken.

Thereafter life went on for Alice very monotonously. Of Frank Pennington she knew only that he had gone to California. "His uncle is there," her aunt wrote, "and is anxious to have him with him." 84

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The Deans were a large family. Three or four married ones, a sister and brother younger than herself at home; an invalid mother; plenty of friends, and company, and worksmall time had she to mourn. There was pickling and preserving of which to relieve her mother; Sister Jane's children to help through measles and mumps; company to be entertained and visits paid; fluting and frilling for May, her beautiful younger sister; her brother's morals and manners to be seen to; church sociables, and Sunday-school and choir rehearsals; and with all, Alice had little time to think. She had hoped to outgrow it as a girlish passion, but no new one came to take its place. May grew up, and after a season of coquetry was married to one of Alice's old schoolmates. Professor Reichman found consolation in another pupil; the whole world went on, while she stood still and was glad that it could

be so happy, though light and hope were gone for her. Sometimes, when some careless speech had opened the old wound, she went apart, as she had done to-day, and cried out her trouble over again, returning, after a little, with no trace of the battle in her face. Her mother's right hand, her sister's helper, not to be spared from home at all; and the family were not sorry that she had no mind to marry. No one knew her secret. Aunt Mary had been good enough to keep it to herself, and every one thought her as content as she seemed.

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A month before, May's husband had left Payneton to make a home for her in a village thirty miles beyond. The house was ready now, and the wife was wanted; but ignorant as she was, and far from strong, she could not, her mother thought, settle her house and care for baby too. As for the baby, being brought up by hand, being quite as much used to Alice as to his mother, it was quite possible to leave him with her; and this it was finally decided to do. May departed in a moist atmosphere of kisses and tears; and, two days after, Hector, the younger brother, saw Alice and baby to the train for the forty minutes' ride that would bring them to May's new home. With a boy's usual foresight, he insisted on waiting as late as possible, and, as a consequence, when they arrived they found no seat in the crowded cars. Stumbling through the last before his sister, Hector espied one gentleman alone, and instantly secured the vacant place.

"Hurry up, sis?" he shouted to Alice, who, laden with baby and his numberless wraps, was slower in her progress. "Here's a seat. There!" dumping the large travelling-basket down. "Take care of yourself. Good-by," and he was off.

Just then the cars started, and the baby began crying, and between the two Alice did not look up at her seatmate for some minutes. When she did, she was not a little surprised to see his hand outstretched, and to hear him say: "We used to know one another, did we not?"

It was Frank Pennington, of course, but so brown and bearded, so different from the college youth of her acquaintance, that she hardly knew him. She was, of course, more easily recognized. Frank had known her instantly, and been not sorry at the meeting. It was five years since they had parted, and, tumbling round the world, Frank had got over his heart trouble, and was prepared to meet Mrs. Reichman with perfect composure. "Married and with a baby," he had said to himself at first

glance, and he recalled the news of the professor's wedding as he had heard it at the time : "one of his old scholars; forgotten the name; pretty and musical, I think, which is convenient for the professor." The vague description meant Alice to him, and the unoffending Miss Mary Jones, who had solaced Carl Reichman's disappointment, had been more than once anathematized as his lost love. thought she would carry it that far," he had said to himself, as he filed away Fred Derwent's unfortunate letter in his uncle's office in San Francisco; "I thought she liked me too well for that. Perhaps it's best for her. Men can get along some way, but women need a home. If she had waited-but I dare say she got over her liking for me before she married him. It hasn't been so long, either, though time has gone so awful slow since then that it seems an age. Well!" and with a long, low whistle that meant volumes, Frank went back to his work. He tried harder than ever to forget; he succeeded, he thought; he met her now quietly enough; but he could not, somehow, pronounce her name just then. So he confined himself in his first brief remarks to the indefinite pronoun "you."

They met as two casual acquaintances might have done. They talked the usual commonplaces. He explained, to her surprised inquiries, that he was home from California on a visit; expected to return in a month. Then he asked: "Are you travelling far?"

"Only to Shellbridge; not quite thirty miles, I think."

She was not quite as composed as he. She had not heard of his marriage, you know. Hope, long sleeping, had wakened into life at this chance meeting.

"Ah! I go to the end of the line."

A pause. "You are in your own home now?"

"Oh, yes! I have been away this summer, though."

She did not think it necessary to add that she had been to some famous springs with her invalid mother. She did not think of her sentence being twisted into, "Home for vacation. On her way back now." She was wondering how she was to explain her situation to him, and trying with each hesitating sentence to acquaint him with the facts in the case.

"I have a sister at Shellbridge," she said, after another pause. "She has just begun housekeeping, and I am carrying her baby to her."

But for the last half of this sentence the cars

were whistling, and the conductor shouting the name of the station to which they had come, and with all the din and roar Frank did not hear her explanation. He said: "Indeed!" with the proper accent; and, supposing him to have heard, Alice went on:

"My sister is married to a friend of yours, I

think-Fred Derwent."

"Ah? Yes, I used to know Fred quite well before I went away. I had not heard of his marriage. He used to write to me; but he has dropped that, with other youthful follies, of late."

"You like it in California?"

"Very much. It's a somewhat different life from that here; but when one is used to it, that

counts for nothing."

And, growing more composed now that baby had, as she thought, been accounted for, Alice went on talking, brightening gradually into a faint likeness of her old self—only a faint one. She was too anxious at this chance meeting to be quite natural; but her embarrassment was explained by Frank by a different set of reasons. Stepping out on the platform at one of the stations, he noticed, coming back, that the girl's face, in outline, was thinner and sharper than when he had known her. She was bending over the baby, and he fancied that the eyes, as she lifted them from his face, were misty with tears.

"She may be regretting; her marriage may not be happy. I never thought Reichman would make her so," were his confused thoughts. And a pang of pity-how near to the longburied love he could not tell-sprang to his heart as he sat down again beside her. He had half a mind to say something of the old days; but a sense of honor kept back the words. So instead, he began telling her of his new home, of its wonders of vegetation, its beautiful scenery, its rough and yet curiously refined society. And Alice, guided by a like sense of honor, gave up her vague intentions of leading the talk back to the school-days at Elton; and they might have parted as they had met but for the baby. Had his lordship known the whole story, he could not have behaved better. He slept like an angel for nearly the whole of the journey; he woke just in time to bring about the propor ending of the meeting. The first whistle for Shellbridge had sounded, and Frank had collected baby's wraps, handed down Alice's veil and fur, and placed the basket in reach. She had put Master Fred down to tie closer the little scarlet hood, and as she fastened it she said, chiefly because she

could think of nothing else: "Every one says baby looks like his father. Do you see the resemblance?"

Frank Pennington studied the round little face with interest.

"I never could see resemblances," he said, smiling, "capecially in babies. Possibly, however, he has the professor's forehead—and—yes, chin, too, I should say."

"The professor!" in utter amazement. "Whe—what do you mean?" Then, a sudden torrent of crimson deluging neck and brow: "I told you—this is my sister's baby, Fred Derwent's. I am—am not married."

"Shellbridge!" shouted the conductor; "change cars for the Eastland route."

There was a general rising of passengers, a noise of cabmen shouting, bells ringing, a babel of tongues. Frank Pennington heard absolutely nothing as he stood looking at her.

"Not married! I thought—surely Fred wrote to me, 'Professor Reichman is married;'

and I thought-"

"That it was to me," trying hard to regain her composure. "You were wrong."

She lifted baby and basket as she spoke, and tried to pass into the aisle, but Frank caught one hand, and said, bending low, while by his face it was plain to be seen that he had not at all "got over" his old trouble: "Is it possible, Alice, that you've been waiting for me these five years?"

Fortunately, the cars were by this time emptied. No one saw the tightly clasped hands, the bright faces; but Fred Derwent, rushing in a moment later, stumbled on something that looked rather lover-like.

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"Hillow!" he shouted, bringing the two rudely to their senses. "Is this you, Alice? Who on earth—well, Frank Pennington, where did you come from—and what are you doing here? And where's the baby?"

Confused attempts at explanation were made. "I don't in the least understand," Fred said, cheerfully. "But I know the train will start in a minute. Come along, Ally, and you toe, Frank, and we will have things explained up at home. May is distracted with household difficulties, but she will be delighted to see you, I'm sure. Give me the baby, Alice. No place for lovers' dialogues here;" and therewith he got them off the train just as it started.

And so, two months later, Alice Dean was a bride.

"It all came of the baby," Frank gallantly says.

And in proof that May and Alice agree with him, the new-comer has been named for him.

"Such a relief?" May says, delighting in the fact. "But for that, I should have had to call him for one of his grandfathers, and Josiah and Reuben are both such dreadful names!"

## CHINA AND ITS BRIDGES.

BY C.

WHETHER the Chinese are right in assigning to their portion of the world a much greater antiquity than many are willing to allow, may be fairly questioned; but certain it is that in China many of the arts and sciences have been known at a period when the European nations were sunk in barbarity and ignorance. The ancient Greeks and Romans knew little or nothing of China. Of that vast country, the southern part of which was known imperfectly to the people of India, they gave the name of Tsina, sometime before the Christian era, and this is the name by which the whole empire is called by the Russians even at the present time.

The names both of China and Tsina are unknown to the Chinese. The early history of this nation remains shrouded in fable, but it is certain that civilization was considerably advanced among them when it was only dawning on other nations. They have records now in existence, consisting of the writings of Confucius, which date as far back as five hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ, from which period they descend in an unbroken series to the present day. The emperor of this immense region is styled "Heaven's Son," and is accountable only to Heaven. He unites in his person the attributes of sovereign pontiff and supreme magistrate, and his government is an unlimited despotism.

The first intercourse was attempted by the English with China in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the vessel sent did not reach its destination. No satisfactory results, with regard to intercourse with China, were obtained till about thirty years ago, since which time all nations are at liberty to visit the country, under certain restrictions.

Some of the bridges in China are of extraordinary beauty, and even magnificence. There is one near Pekin, built entirely of white marble, elaborately ornamented. Others are found over the canals, of still greater magnificence, and with a grand triumphal arch at each end; and some, instead of being built with arches, are flat from one side of the canal to the other, marble flags of great length being laid on piers so narrow and airy that the bridge looks as if it were suspended in the air. From the amazing facilities afforded by the numerous canals for transportation of goods by water, these bridges do not require to be built of great strength, for only foot-passengers use the bridges, which is the reason they are of such an elegant and fanciful construction. These bridges are built with a number of arches, the central arch being about forty feet wide, and high enough for vessels to pass without striking their masts. The great elevation of these bridges renders steps necessary. They resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of Venice. on which you ascend by steps on one side and descend on the other in the same way. Chain bridges were not made in this country for more than eighteen centuries after they were known in China.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

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WILL.

BY N. B. TURNER.

DEAR Will, when fortune's mystic wheel
Its revolution made,
It gave to you the san-hine bright,
To me the dreary shade.
And though our paths lie side by side,
The skies above your head
Are smiling with the fairest dyes,
The violet and red.

And like the flame that nightly burned
Above the Hebrew camp—
To the Egyptians dread and gloom,
But to the Jewn a lump—
So does each cloud that passes o'er
For you gleam bright and warm,
But brings to me the thundervolt,
The darkness and the storm.

But I am glad that round your way
The laurel bends with dew,
And that the sparkling wine of life
Is freely poured for you;
And though I fatter in the dark,
And shiver in the blast,
I thank God for the light and joy
In which your days are passed.

And when the wheel again shall turn,
As turn it quickly may,
I pray that Heaven will grant you still
The glory of the day;
And that relenting fate may see
How my weak heart is tried,
And take me from this darkness, Will,
And place me by your side.

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## OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. VII.

MY! how I do get things mixed up. But that is just the way with one's every day life, the practical comes rushing up quite out of breath and jostles against the romantic; the ragged real stands face to face with the beautiful ideal; the fragrant lilies spring from filthy black mud; the baby, with eyes blank as the blue depths of the wildwood sprirg, plays with "Edward's on the Will;" the morning-glory vince in one short summer night stealthily creeps with a noiseless wind up the mop handle, and goes to work to make of its little buds dewy bells to hang therefrom, and render the unsightly utenail a "thing of beauty;" so-so.

But I do want to tell of the pleasing little advanturous school-ma'am, who dropped in suddenly upon us one day in the midsummer

agone.

She was a neighbor's daughter many years ago, a jolly little black-eyed girl, of whom we had all lost sight, until, one day when I was sitting all bundled up in flannels for my rheumatism, reading, and soothed by the pleasant hum of the sewing-machine, some one slipped in slyly and put two warm, soft hands over my eyes with: "Oh, guess who!"

I guessed, and guessed, and coaxed for freedom and the blessing of sight, but the hands remained inexorable, until, with a little of her

own assistance, I did guess who.

Oh, she was so sprightly and pleasing, and as quick as a bird on the wing! She had not been to see her mother yet, and could only stay until evening; so we hurried and all talked at once, though tending to the same focus. She had been teaching in Hannibal, Mo., for years, and had flown home on a brief visit. She told us stories of travel, and sights she had seen, and of people she had met, and of trials she had undergone, of failures and successes, of hard work, and difficulties, and rejoicings, and she ended with a cunning little elocutionary entertainment in Deacon Potts's sitting-room, that made me, Pipsey, laugh heartily, and then—cry just as heartily.

But one thing she told us that will please and profit every woman and girl who may read this, and that is, how to make beads, beautiful long strings of black beads out of rose leaves; and the charm of it all is, that the beads, as long as they live, will imprison the delightful fragrance of the rose. I will give it just precisely as she told me, and if any one wants to vary the size of the beads they can do so.

Take of rose leaves—the more the better—and with an iron mortar and pestle pound or mash them until they are of the consistency of dough or putty. Then measure your thimble pressed full, for a bend; take it out of the thimble, and roll it between your palms until it is firm and as round as a marble, then give it a little roll one way that may make it a little bit long. Have a paper of new pins beside you, and stick one through the bead lengthwise, carefully, so that enough of the pin will come through that you can stick it in a cushion, or along the edge of the table in the spread. If you want a single string of beads, make sixty; if double, make one hundred, just as this one was made. When they begin to settle and dry a little, take them, one at a time, carefully in your fingers, and with a pin press into the side of the bead, longwise, in about five places. It will make them look ridged and pretty, and as grandma says, more like boughten er store beads.

Sarah's were measured in a thimble, and when dry and finished they were about the size of the red berries of the dogwood tree. They were a dark brown or rusty black, but "the scent of the roses clung to them still."

She said they could be made easily of dry leaves, if they were soaked in water until thoroughly dampened; but the fresh ones are

preferable.

I wonder if other flower leaves could not be made into beads or pretty things. Even a dry mass of this, with the concentrated fragrance, would be nice to lay in bureau drawers, or in trunks with one's clothing. I will lend our iron mortar to any girl to make rose beads in, until it has lost the smell of asafœdita, and garlic, and drugs, and roots, and such things. I am tired of such odors, and would be glad to make the exchange.

"Things are always clean about your pantry floor—no drops of grease, or tracks, or slops of dishwater or dirty places," said Mrs. Barlow to me the other morning, as she followed me into the pantry to borrow a teacupful of roasted coffee; "but then I suppose the reason is, you have no children about to put things in disorder."

"Not unusually clean," I said, "because I did not mop this morning. I am a little afraid of getting too nice, and allowing myself to fret over a drop of grease, or a little slopping of dishwater. It is so easy to fall into that way of worrying and fretting over such trifles, and making one's self as though tethered down by a very short bit of rope."

"Well, I like your way of keeping roasted coffee, anyhow," said she, laughing, as I took up a knife to pry loose the lid of a close tin can in which I always kept it. "It keeps its strength better shut up tightly," said I; "and the fine aroma so necessary to make good coffee

is not lost, then, or wasted."

"Well, I'll keep mine that way hereafter," said she, brightly, as she hurried out of the back door and turned around to bid good-night. Just then her eyes fell upon the mop, and she reached out in a cordial way, laying her hand on it, saying: "Well, now, there's some of your forethought. If I had been filling a new mop, I never would have thought of using the men's old knit drawers for that purpose. I thought they were really good for nothing after they had been worn out, and were ragged and used up. I should have taken an old flannel skirt, or the worn breadths of a dress."

"But they would be the very things of which to make rag carpet," said I; "and you know old drawers wont make carpet rags, or anything else, while they are just right for a mop. They are of the right size, and if gray, they are the right color, and then you can wring them ont so dry, and they will soak up water just like a sponge. I very much like this new patented mop handle with a screw. The deacon presented it to me on my last birthday, with a new clasp hymn book and a pair of ailver-rimmed spectacles."

I saw a smile dimple over her face, and make twinkles about her eyes, just as though she thought something funny. I knew what it was. She was thinking that the deacon was a very practical sort of a man, mixing mop handles and hymn books together, on birthdays, but I thought it was sensible and a well-timed present, worth more than all the wases, and china pitchers, and gilded nonsense that could be heaped in my lap.

I don't like the kind of women who spiritualize every common thing, so that common people can't come a-near, any more than I like those who see something to laugh at and make fun of all the time—those who behold everything in a ludicrous light, and canter off in a laugh.

I was vexed at Lily the other day when we were going over to the fountain for moss.

We met old Mrs. Weatherwax on the steep hillside beyond Pottsville, and I was plenty glad enough, to see her, to kiss her right heartily. She used to do all our knitting and dyeing of blue, and washing wool, and she it was who first taught me to wear a thimble; so, of course, I felt grateful to the old lady, and glad to salute her warmly. She is very large—why a ponderous old woman almost, and her fat cheeks hang red and shaky, like those of an overgrown, bunchy nurseling.

After we had passed on, Lily gave a thrust in the side, and whispered: "How could you bear to salute that mammoth of a woman with a kiss, when hers are so very human, and so

beefy."

I was well enough yesterday morning to go out calling. A little cold had settled in my head and made my catarrh worse, but I bundled up and thought the cold air would do me good. I scorched some tow until it was quite brown, and greased my face and neck and temples with the marrow out of a hog's jaw, and put the tow on sizzing hot. Then I tied a red flannel over it, and then a clean white handkerchief, over which I pinned closely my little yellow plaid shoulder shawl. I wasn't afraid of taking cold then. My green silk calash bonnet fitted over all as anugly as a glove.

I were the deacon's camlet cloak, because L couldn't walk fast enough to keep warm. The cloak is made with a slit behind, but it was none the less comfortable for all that. I put my knitting needles and a skein of black yarn in my reticule, in case I stopped long enough anywhere to set up a new piece of knitting work. I can't knit much, but then enough to keep me from being idle. I told father if I didn't stand the walk very well this time, I would ride Humbug the next place I had to go.

Just as I went up the lane near Mr. Walton's-house, and paused beside an old maple to rest a minute, I was hailed by a familiar voice, with: "Ho, Miss Potts! ho, there!" Land o' sakes if I knowed ye at fust! I thought you was the deacon hisself! look some like 'Lijar in yer big mantle, ho, ho!" and here Granny Graham laughed in her old cuaning, cracked,

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tinkling way. "Lawful sakes, how'de do, anyhow, Pipeey? Wy, I haint seen ye for a coon's age!" and the old lady set her pail down on the ground and gave me a very sincere and vigorous shaking, while she puffed and blowed like a wounded whale.

She said she was just going over to old Miss Walton's to spend the day, and she thought being they had made new hominy she would

carry over a couple of messes.

I raised the snowy cloth and peeped in, and really I never did see nicer hominy. The grains were swelled to three times their real size, and cracked all open—"busted dreadfully," she said—and they lay up loosely, hardly touching each other, looking as full of life and conceit as young pound-keepers.

Now my hominy never looks that way; it clings together in a muss, like rice that has been overcooked. I said: "How in the world do you manage to make such nice hominy? Mine tastes of lye in spite of me, and don't swell, and is hard and firm, and couldn't be eaten by old folks with dull teeth; and then when I make it I always have such badly chapped hands, rough and tender, and smart-

ing for days afterwards."

Granny's eyes gleamed out greenly as cats' eyes, and she laughed and shook her old fat shoulders as she said: "You've lots to larn yit, Miss Potts, with all yer teachin' school and writin' for the papers and sich;" and putting her hands upon her sides, and striking the attitude she always does when she talks in "airnest," she told me how she made it. I took my book and pencil out of my reticule, and, leaning on the stepping-block, I wrote

how to make hominy.

The lye in which the corn is boiled must not be strong; it is better to be weak, and boil it longer. I have always found three hours long enough to boil it in the lye, Then pour it out into a tub in which is a pailful or two of water. Drain it off, and put on clean water enough to cover it well. And now, to save chapped hands, take a clean broom-I keep one for that purpose alone-and stir, and scrub, and wash the corn with it briskly. Do this three or four times after pouring off and adding clean water. Then let it stand half an hour in the last water you poured on it. There is no need of putting the hands about it at all while washing or rinsing it, not even when you take it out of the tub, which can be done with a skimmer. If the weather, is cold, drain the water off, and let it stand out all night to freeze; then it won't take any longer to cook it done than to cook a mess of

beans. Boil it slowly; don't stir it at all, for if you begin it you will have to keep it up, or it will burn and stick to the kettle. Salt it a little, and that not until you are about taking it off the fire. Leave plenty of the water about it in which it was boiled. The large, smooth flint corn is the nicest to make hominy.

The Waltons all coaxed me to stay for dinner, and I had a mind to, and just put my fingers up to the strings of my silk calash bonnet when Mrs. Walton said: "O Pipsey, you are so fond of pictures that I must show you a chromo our Lemuel bought when he was in Pittsburgh a few days ago?" and she took the picture out of a portfolio and sat down beside me, wiping her red, snuffy nose on the wrong

side of her calico apren.

It was a beautiful picture—that of a little girl on her way to school, who had flung down her books and slate on the grass, and was stooping over to fasten her garter. Her round, curly head, with the broad hat half way down her shoulders, her bare fat neck and bosom, beautiful arms, perfectly shaped legs, and the natural and graceful position that a little girl in a hurry would assume, made it very charming. I admired it exceedingly.

"Don't overlook this, Miss Pipsey," said Mrs. Walton, pointing to the background, where, in a low, swampy place, grew luxuriantly the pretty green flags, and the rank grasses, and the straight cat-tails, and the heavy moist lily leaves that seemed to lie

afloat on the still water.

I stooped over to gather in all the glory of the rural picture, when I chanced to look at the fingers that pointed out the emerald gem in the background, and—I didn't want to stay for my dinner at all. I didn't feel hungry

for my dinner at all. I didn't feel hungry.

Mrs. Walton had been making a boiled chicken pie for dinner, and I could see the paste sticking around her finger nails and clogged all over her wedding ring. The pie crust was rich and good—I had positive evidence of that—but I was not at all hungry. I preferred fresh air, and I rose and left. Oh, but that robs a wedding-ring of its romantic associations when one thinks, "to such vile uses must ye come at last?" Don't understand me as really meaning vile. I just had to say that or miss a fine quotation of the poet's. I mean to such unromantic, practical, base, unpoetical uses as making up nice dinners—loving uses they are, too, if nicely, and graciously, and lovingly done. Love and duty are inseparable.

I went up the lane near where the old school-

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house used to stand. It was always a pretty place to me. I stopped and leaned on the old mossy rail fence, and laid my hands as tenderly on the gray tufts and patches on the damp, decaying rails, as I would touch a head silvered o'er with age. Oh! I thought how good it would seem, if only for one minute could come back to me the same fresh enthusiastic glow that warmed my little soul when I used to climb up those same old rails, a barefoot school girl, and peer over into the luxuriant tangles of beautiful things that grew untouched inside of those same fence corners.

I thought Nature in all her glory and beauty lay there then, even as a queen would lie down in indolent abandonment among her jewels, and satins, and embroidery, and laces, her own form perfect in voluptuous beauty, and grace, and elegance. What a maze of gay and green growing things used to sojourn in the summers there! There were sweet-smelling hazels, of a peculiar woody fragrance, that is unequalled save by the grape-vines when in blossom; piled up masses of wild roses; the beautiful raspberry bushes with long, uniformly curved red stems, graceful in their droop as is the winding flow of waters; the box elder with its red rubies all aglow; the kinnekinick with its medicinal bark, the golden rod shooting up like yellow flames; the sumach with its crimson cones; the wild sunflowers that looked like a flock of yellow birds just alighted; broad, rank, bristling leaves with names unknown to my childish vocabulary; and the gay rambling bittersweet that ran riotous over all with a greed that used to make me almost angry

In this very corner that I used to liken to grandma's rag-bag, because it had a little of everything in it, grew those beautiful little cups, with rims turned back like little vases, faintly outlined with pale, red streaks, and in and out among the cup bearers many upreaching arms persistently crept like a sly thief—a poisonous, jagged, wild vine, full of purple clusters that looked like tiny bunches of grapes. Tempting they were to the little brown hands that could not keep away from Nature's lavish beauty, lying so loosely all out of doors, and not owned by any little girl's mother.

And so, the scratched hands and face and neck paid the penalty of loving such things immoderately. I was sent home from school poisoned, and fevered, and swollen, and crying with pain and fear and self-reproach.

The eyes that saw so many wonders in that marvellous fence corner, closed their swollen lids for days; and the hands would not make fists, for the meddlesome fingers stood out stiffly, and hot and burning; and the purple face bore no resemblance to any little girl ever seen in Pottsville, or Sylvan Dell, or anywhere in the wide world. Wise old women flocked in with cures, but everything aggravated the fiery poison, and Nature took her own slow way, which lasted for many days.

Years afterward, when I so longed to make the bare walls of my home cheerful and beautiful, I dug up an ivy vine, and trained it, with strings and sticks, up between the door and window, flying hither and thither so as to have it done by the time father would come to dinner. My mother heard the digging, and hailed me from the clacking loom with: "Is that the way you get dinner, Pipsey? What are you doing?"

"Just fixing something nice. Dinner is nearly ready," I hailed back.

She looked out of the upper window, and cried right out, saying: "Oh, you have killed yourself, you idle, good-for-nothing girl?" and she laid her face on the sill, her patience tried to its utmost, and wept bitterly.

My heart was nearly broken. I believe at that time I had no higher ambition than to have a growing vine beside the doorway—my very soul reached out pleadingly for a green vine to love and to cherish. I cried because my mother did, and I tried my very hardest to die then, my life was so locked up, so bleak and bare and unlovely; no one understood me, or took me by the land, or gave me a book, or a geranium, or an appreciative encouraging word, or a loving look; I was like Cain with the mark on his brow.

For weeks I lay swollen, and blind, and burning, and suffering. They pitied me, and rocked me in the cradle, and fed me, and made fun of me, and I thought it was very sweet to be so cared for. I shall never forget the horrible face in the glass. The cure for poison we learned in later years; and the vines I so longed for, now, that I am one of the heads of the family, clamber over the doors, and windows, and portico, and on frames, and rude crosses, and stumps, and out-houses, and just wherever I choose.

But my sweetest sense of enjoyment was gone, with the freshness of my girlhood, before they came. I train them carelessly, mechanically, quietly, without any glow, or brightness, or lighting up, just as I would do any necessary work or duty for those I love.

O ye in whose charge are growing children, loving the beautiful, I pray you touch them

not with an iron hand; bind them not down as in servitude; love them, and walk with them, and rejoice with them as companions, instead of stern parents. Make them to confide in you of their own free will; make due allowance for their warm, swift young blood, so unlike yours, thin, and cold, and sluggish, mayhap. Remember their birthdays with gifts, the same as their holidays; make them bright, and glad, and happy. Train them to be constitutionally happy, and no after sorrow, or blight, or adversity can break them down under its weight. Root out every vestige of pride and self, and implant therein nobility of soul and manliness of principle. Keep before them the character of Christ, a poor carpenter, who toiled with His hands as other laborers do. Oh, labor is honorable, sanctified, and no toil should be looked upon with disdain when Christ, the man "without sin," dignified and made holy the humblest calling. Make your children to fully understand this in its deepest meaning, and teach them to look upon idleness as a sin.

While I think of it, I may as well tell the sure cure for poison of ivy. Make a wash moderately strong of sugar of lead and warm milk or water. Wet a little rag or sponge, and apply the wash to every part affected. If you are in a hurry to get well, let the wash be rather strong. Three or four applications will effect a cure. If the eyes water, and feel hot, apply a wet cloth to them with the wash weakened. It is very painful when the eyelids are poisoned. This is a certain, positive cure.

After I had dreamed awhile, and lived over the flown years in the lane near the site of the old school-house, I went on around the hill to call on Lua. I had not seen her since that day we were out riding together. As I drew near the house, I began to think there was no one at home; the curtains were all drawn and doors closed, but a wreath of smoke curled up lazily from the chimney, and I did hope Lua would be alone, so she could make a cup of tea, and raise one leaf of the table, and we two, who once were almost one, could sip, and nibble, and laugh, and talk, and have a very happy hour together.

As I drew near, I saw her little girl, Pipsey Ellen, sitting out on the mounting-block with a hammer in her hands.

I said: "Is ma at home?"

"Yes, but I have to keep very still, 'cause she has the headache to-day," said the child. "I was going to put my new shoestrings in my gaiters, and I came out here to fix them, so I wouldn't hurt ma's head." "A hammer is the last thing to fix shoelaces with," said I, laughing.

"O Auntie Potts, don't you know that if you don't take a hammer and pound the little brass ends of the strings kind o' flat that they will slip off? And it's so much bother to lace up your shoes with a frizzed-out string," said the child, and her mouth and eyes stuck out with

very earnestness.

"Sure enough," I said. "Why, you are a real little woman to attend to such things in the proper time. This will help you in the mornings when you are in a hurry to start to school, and keep you from getting angry or out of patience. Why, I'm just proud of my little namesake, Pipsissiway; bless your heart, auntie loves you more and more every day of your life!" and I gathered the little frowzy, elfish head to my bosom, and kissed her sweet red mouth and brown eyes again and again as I added: "When your ma gets better, tell her that Pipsey came to see her, but because she was sick she will call another day. Tell your sick ma I love her best of all my old schoolmates, and that I think her the best and sweetest woman in the world; and you be good and kind to her, dear, and step lightly when her head aches, and don't burn anything in the house that will smell badly, 'cause that makes one's head ache so much worse. It makes the head nearly burst with pain, remember,"

The little, moist, fresh lips kissed both my cheeks, with that bustling, uncertain, hit andmiss way that dear little ones always kiss. Oh, the charms that cluster round the form, and face, and ways of babies and little children are many and marvellous, and past comprehend-

ing in all their sweetness!

Dear Lua—I knew all about her headache! I remembered years and years ago, that when Lua was not very well, at times she was irascible, and would flash up and say unkind things in such a bitter way. What sterling good sense Lua did manifest! She would say to us girls at those times, as she now says to her own family: "I am very sorry that I do not feel well, and shall not be in a very amiable mood for a few days. I am ill-natured, and fault-finding, and gloomy, and depressed, and unhappy, at times, and I want you should all bear with my weakness and infirmity for awhile."

How large-hearted, and lovable, and con-

sistent!

Indeed I do not want to talk about my neighbors, and tell their little secrets, but this truth may do some poor weak woman good, and I will tell it for her sake. Such poor, feeble, shoe-

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y neighnis truth d, and I r, feeble, struggling sisters can be counted by the thousands. It is nature, working steadily on her own plan—the plan that was laid away back, coeval, perhaps, with Eve, the first woman, weak and human.

In certain phases of ill-health the woman who to-day is an angel, to morrow may be anything but saintly-the will to command her entire self is wrested out of her hands by Nature in her own wonderful workings, and she is tossed about like a leaf in the winds. She is to be pitied, and loving husbands, and fathers, and children should be cautious, and kind and tender of the frail creature whose best interests are for a time in their keeping. I believe many a poor wife and mother who is sick, and grows morbid, and listless, and nervous, and finally settles down into insanity, and at last commits suicide, might, in the first stage of the disease, have been cured if her malady had been thoroughly understood, and patiently borne with by her own family.

This infirmity unhappily grew upon Lua; but she faced it like a brave, true woman as she was. She would go to her room and stay there, and read, and rock, and rest, and when the shadows were darkest she would cry; but she knew the cloud would soon pass away, and she would bide her time, and come out smiling and happy, having held herself as it were by main force, injured no one by a hasty or unkind word; and so, "the smell of fire would not be on her garments."

Dear Lua, what a sweet phase of womanly character she showed!

When I reached home I was quite out of breath; my calash was the last ounce too much, and I had loosed the ties and let it hang down my back. The deacon's camlet cloak hung across one arm, and I was so tired I looked like a pilgrim, only instead of a staff I carried a reticule. I had filled it with pine cones, and beech nuts, and acorns, and other pretty things. Through the strings of it I had stuck a bundle of teazles. I thought in making up a winter bonquet, two or three of them would work in handsomely. I have a plan devised of making a cross to stand in the sitting-room-to have a viny festoon of some kind of evergreens twine about it, and hang from it, beautified with bittersweet berries or amaranth flowers; and I have a compact little bird's nest already, with three tiny eggs in it, that I will put in the right place. I don't know, maybe I'll not make it, I'll consult the girls first. They want a parlor, a real prim, cold parlor, and I tell them I'll have no sepulchres in the house—we will all live all through the house, as fast, and hard, and happy as we can, and that is why our sitting-room looks, as they say, like "all out-of-doors."

There are books, and pictures, music, plants, curious things, fossils, petrifactions, papers, pens, pencils, and furniture to be used, everything plain and substantial, and I think really nice, and cosey, and jolly.

So much better than one of that kind of parlors of which cousin says, "they are so nice to lay out dead folks in"-the kind kept for show, and for people who care nothing for you, and will go away and laugh at your "grundyness," The kind of parasites who like also to go out into the country to eat spring chickens, and real cream, and sweet clovery butter that has the babble of brooks and woods and green fields about it-those dear delightful friends, who will go away from your hospitable roof, and say smart things about your brown hands, or your bare feet, or your own hair put smoothly, and cleanly, and sensibly, or wonder how you could be so illbred as to go with your sleeves rolled up while in their august

I have known silly people who lived in a village of ten or fifteen houses, stricken with the very leprosy of poverty, who would talk glibly of the delights and joys of country life, and say they like to go out into the country, it was so much healthier, and it was so sweet to hear the birds sing. I treat such people with deference, so great that I never permit any acquaintance whatever. I would as lief have galling, painful sores, past the skill of man to heal; why asthma and catarrha are sweet companionship compared to them.

CONFIDENCE is not only the life of love and the essence of peace, but it is also the soul of obedience; without it, we feel that the power which rules us is tyranny, and that to obey is to be a slave. The secret of all hearty, happy compliance with laws, divine or human, is a loving trust in the law-giver.

REMEMBER, that he is indeed the wisest and happiest man, who, by constant attention of thought discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution, breaks through every opposition, that he may improve those opportunities.

# A YOUNG GIRL'S INFLUENCE.

OF HEAD PROPERTY BOWN

week to the service of the mast topic." All mast topics." All mast topics are booke and mistures where theme.

SPEAKING of the sin of intemperance one evening, an old gentleman with silver hair remarked that many a one had been saved through the gentle influence of a woman, and requested leave to tell the following story to illustrate the fact:

The little village of Brier Dell lay basking in the sunlight of a bright winter afternoon. In spite of its romantic name, it was a bustling, active little town, though not very large. Brier Dell had always been a strictly temperate town, a Good Templars' lodge being one of its principal features. Many a one had appeared on the spot requesting land enough to build a saloon upon, but always being sent away as quickly as possible, as if his very presence tainted the pure air.

But one ill-fated day two dark, evil-looking individuals appeared in town, bought a lot, and commenced the erection of a building. In answer to the questions of the inhabitants, they replied that they were building a drug store. Said inhabitants expressed their approbation, and wondered why no one had thought of putting one in before. But, uh, how little they knew what a curse it would prove!

Well, the building was finally finished, and the proprietors placed drugs upon the shelves and whisky under the counters. The good people of Brier Dell looked solemnly at one another, and shook their heads, but, for a wonder, took no measures to put a stop to such shameful proceedings.

In the suburbs of the town several good buildings had been erected, and on the particular afternoon of which I speak, a young man emerged from one of these and sauntered alowly up the street. Glancing at his face, you would have set him down at once as genial, honest, and even-tempered. A frank, open face, merry blue eyes, broad, high forehead, and wavy, brown hair; altogether quite a handsome young fellow, and a great favorite with every one.

While he was sauntering up the street, a young girl was saying to her mother: "Now, mamma dear, you must lie still and rest, and I will run up town and get your medicine." Her voice was low and sweet, and her dark brown eyes seemed full of love and tenderness.

I was standing by the door of the store as she came in, while on the other side a party of wild, reckless young fellows were trying to persuade the aforesaid young man to take a "social glass" with them. He refused for some time, saying he had never tasted liquor, and, what was more, he never intended to. But they kept urging him, and telling him that one glass would do him no harm.

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He hesitated, looked at the glass, and hesitated again, but, finally taking it in his hand, said: "I will drink this, but not another drop as long as I live." The others looked at one another and winked.

The young girl who had just come in took it all in at a glance. Her face grew pale, and her beautiful eyes filled with sad reproach, but, stepping firmly up to the young man, she laid her hand upon his arm, and said in a low but firm tone: "Willis, for the love of God, and for your mother's sake, don't touch it."

For a moment he looked angry, but the next an expression of sadness and shame came into his eyes, and, setting down the glass, he turned toward her and said: "You have saved me from shame and humiliation, and I thank you more than I can tell."

"I knew him well," continued the old gentleman, as he finished his narrative, "and from that day till the day of his death he never touched a drop of liquor, and all through the gentle influence of that young girl."

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INSECTS must lead a jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with columns of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of a summer's air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop and fall to and eat your bed-clothes.

CONVERSATION is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

# TOWARD THE HEIGHTS. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Tis better, 'tis far better He should lead Our footsteps in the path He hath decreed."

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Kate Winthrop murmured the words reverently, for the girl had an undercurrent of deep feeling beneath the rippling surface of a light exterior; and the reader will please bear this in mind, as in what I shall record of her the light exterior will oftenest appear.

Sitting in the coolness of the bright May morning, she had been wandering—as she often did—amid the meshes of reasoning, vainly striving to smooth the tangled skein of human weal and woe, as we see it with our dim earth vision.

""Tis better, 'tis far better;" her lips repeated the words softly, but her fingers worked like those of a perplexed child, and her brown eyes were full of the unsolved problem.

"Why, Kate!" broke in a merry voice, "you look as if you were gazing on the Styx, instead of our own beautiful stream. Such an expression is an insult to the day, to say nothing of the recent felicitous arrival of my desirable self, after a protracted absence. Might I presume by right of relationship to question the cause?"

Guy Barton, cousin and foster brother to the young lady, had seated himself coolly on the ottoman at her feet, and was now waiting her reply with mock gravity.

She smiled a little at his raillery, and replied: "Well, Cousin Guy, I was thinking"—a short pause, followed by a profound "Indeed?"—I was thinking of the different phases life has for different persons; I was contrasting my own lot with that of one I know, whose life is so hard and barren that I can conceive of no brightness in it all; a perfect personification of loneliness.

Guy was silent a moment, and then queried:
"A maiden of forty winters with none to love save her feline acquaintances?"

"No, no!" replied his companion, impatiently; "a young teacher who came to Oakland soon after you left. She came alone, without letters of introduction; and the committee employed her at the first, because no other applicant offered; but she has proved so sefficient, they have been glad to retain her. She seems to be completely isolated from her friends—if she has any—has no correspondence it is said, and spends her vacations at Oakland. A strange lady who died at Mrs. Evers's about two years ago, left her little child in this young lady's care, and I suppose it affords her some solace; but, oh, such a homeless, cheerless life!"

"I beg your pardon for my ludicrous misinterpretation of your meaning," said Guy, humbly,

"Granted," answered Kate, "on condition you bear in mind that your sin does not consist in the mistake, but in the wilfully wrong feelings that could suggest such a caricature as you have drawn, and do penance accordingly. I see you have not renounced your former errors," she continued.

"I tell you, Guy Barton, that old cat-attachment story is too threadbare for this enlightened age and community! And I tell you, moreover, that despised sisterhood contains hearts great enough to love the world at large; hearts all untrammelled by a contracted affection concentrated upon one petty specimen of humanity!"

Guy laughed heartily, and assured Kate it was a pity such enthusiastic eloquence should be wasted upon a single listener; but begged to know the penance before accepting the pardon.

"Well," said Kate, demurely, "I have an errand this morning at Cross Lane; and, while I am making glad the hearts of the little ones at the brown cottage, you shall, if truly sorry for your misdemeanor, carry a package and a note to Miss Clementina Seymour, a respected unmarried friend of mine who lives half a mile beyond, and graciously and deferentially wait her reply."

Gny shrugged his shoulders, and drew up his brows with a well-feigned expression of resignation, and "accepted her majesty's terms."

"Now, Guy," said Kate, as he lifted her from the carriage at the brown cottage, "mind you deliver the note to Miss Clementina herself; and don't tread on the cats, or be lacking in deferential politeness to their mistress."

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Guy promised to be on his best behavior, and drove away.

Despite the nonchalant air, he felt the penance in a slight degree, as he pictured to himself the tall, spare form, and attenuated face in spectacles and cap, with an indefinite number of frills.

His ring was answered by a fair, young girl, with a cloud of flossy, golden ringlets round her shoulders.

"Very pretty waiting maid," thought Guy; "wonder if she dragonizes over her much?"

He had almost forgotten his errand, when a voice—Guy thought he never heard a sweeter invited him to enter.

"Thank you. Is Miss Seymour in?"

"That is my name," was the answer.
"Pretty young relative," mused Guy.

"Miss Clementina," he explained.

"She has the honor of addressing you," was the smiling reply.

"Then—with ill-concealed embarrasment—
"I have a note and a package for you from Miss Winthrop."

"Thank you. I believe I address Mr. Barton? Pray, walk in."

With easy grace she led the way to the parlor, and then excused herself to reply to her friend's note.

When left alone, Guy made an effort to regain his composure. The picture he had sketched of Miss Clementina recurred to him, and the utter ludicrousness of the whole affair overcame his gravity. A hearty ringing laugh escaped him, followed by what seemed a rippling peal from a distant apartment. It might have been the echo of his own; at least the young lady re-entered the next moment, looking as demure as the white kitten that followed in her footsteps.

When Guy reached the brown cottage, Kate met him at the gate, and the dainty note was delivered with imperturbable gravity.

"Excuse me, Guy, and I'll just peep into it and see when I may expect the pleasure of a visit from Miss Seymour."

The result of the "peep" seemed satisfactory, judging by the efforts she made to suppress the mirth that bubbled forth in spite of her.

"A very entertaining correspondent, I opine," said Guy, when she had finished the perusal. "Pray, Kate, what misdemeanor can I perpetrate to call for a second penance?"

"Don't flatter yourself, sir," answered Kate, saucily, "that your punishment will always contain so much elemency." Guy Barton looked at the pretty face, smiling up to him from under the jaunty little riding hat, and thought what a bewitching creature she was, to be sure; and then he thought of an old college chum, who had never seen his charming cousin; and then he fell into "a profound revery," which Kate declared, on reaching home, "she had not dared to break for fear of serious consequences."

The result of the "revery" was an announcement the following week of an expected

visitor.

"Kate, I have told you of Vincent Greyson, I believe. I spent a month at his charming villa last fall, and exacted a promise to return the favor. I received a letter from him this morning, stating that he will be with us in a few days."

In response to Kate's "Tell me about him,

Guy," he went on :

"He's a splendid fellow, though a little eccentric-does the most informal, unaccount-

able things, at times.

"I hadn't seen him before since we left college. He's been to Europe, and dear knows where all. He was in this vicinity a few years ago. I found some of the scenery about Oakland delineated in his sketch-book with a faithfulness that fairly made me homesick. He is quite an artist, as you see, Kate, a fine scholar, and has been pronounced by girls of undoubted taste 'perfectly handsome'-tall, well-built, with finely-shaped head, superb moustache, dark hair and eyes-indeed I used to shrink from introducing him where I felt interested; but he has grown a bit morbid, I'm afraid-don't care a fig for the society of ladies, though he carries himself with the most consummate gallantry when thrown among them. I'll trust to you, little coz, with what assistance you can get, to bring him round all right."

"Let me see," ruminated Kate—"Clem promises to be with us next week, and—O Guy!—would you mind doing another errand for me? You do things so nicely—there's Ariana Marsden—we must have her, she's

perfectly irresistible."

And so, all unconscious of the trap laid for him, Mr. Vincent Greyson duly arrived at Oakland, and was pronounced "a magnificent catch" by all the girls, and "a splendid fellow" by Dr. Winthrop.

Indeed, the old gentleman and his guest soon found such attraction in each other's society, that Miss Kate felt called upon to lecture her "papa soundly for keeping Mr. Greyson

all to himself."

"Why, Kate, my child, I must certainly prescribe for you before your selfishness becomes chronic! Doesn't he ride and walk with you girls every day, and listen to your small talk with the most martyr-like patience? Don't deny the young man a little respite, my dear."

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And the old gentleman mounted his horse with surprising agility, and rode away, shaking his glove in answer to the threatening gestures of the dark-eyed sprite who constituted his housekeeper, pet, and plaything, all in one.

Yes, during his visit, now about to terminate, Vincent Greyson had devoted himself to the service of the young ladies with unexceptionable gallantry, displaying the most amiable indifference as to which of the trio rode by his side; or whether he turned the music for pretty Aria, charming Clem, or sprightly Kate; and manifesting, it must be confessed, an equal relish for a ride or a tramp with his friend Guy for sole companion, or a long discussion of abstruse theories with Dr. Winthrop in the library.

"Your friend is confirmed in his errors; we can do nothing with him. Pity, too, for he's a charming fellow," was the verdict rendered on Guy's return from obeying a peremptory call to the city for a few days.

"You have just returned in time," lisped Miss Marsden, "We're going to have a picnic to-morrow."

"Yes," chimed in Kate, "and we're going to make the cakes and things ourselves, as Mattie's sick; and we want you, Guy, to beat the eggs for us."

"Where's Vincent?" inquired Guy. "I haven't seen him yet."

"Oh, he and papa are in the study having one of their dry old talks that they both enjoy so much?" said Kate, spitefully. "You must not disturb them on any pretext. But come on, all of you. We will not make much progress standing here."

And, followed by her merry aids, she led the way to the kitchen, from whence peals of laughter issuing from time to time, with sundry savory odors, gave token that the work was going forward.

The following day, which was to terminate Vincent Greyson's visit at Oakland, found that gentleman devoting himself assiduously to Kate and her friend Aria, as they formed one of the merry groups clustered through the verdant aisles of Morton Park.

"Can either of you give me a clue to the classification of this?" asked Vincent, throwing a spray of wild flowers into the lap of each of his companions. "At first sight, it appears to belong to the Labiata; but examination will show you that is not the case. Where do you place it, Miss Kate?"

That young lady shrugged her shoulders slightly. "Pray, Mr. Greyson, don't ask me for any of those horrid Latin terminations! I laid my botany on the shelf when I left school; and, speaking of flowers," she rattled on, "I'm especially interested in that charming little blue belle over yonder. You can't see her from where you ait, Mr. Greyson; she's a teacher, and a study for sages. Don't she look lovely in that blue gingham, Aria? Somebody—not Linneus—has assigned her to the Coquetaca; but that's gross slander; she's as inneent as the peach blossoms suggested by her cheeks, Mr. Frank Ingram to the contrary notwithstanding."

Vincent smiled a little sadly, but answered carelessly: "'All is not gold that glitters,' Miss Kate; cheeks often borrow their 'suggestions' from rouge and pink saucer; and innocent sweetness is as often a well-adjusted mask of dissimulation."

Miss Marsden's arched brows reached a little higher elevation than their wont, as she sat pulling her flowers into pieces with a precipitancy altogether incompatible with a careful analysis.

"For shame, Mr. Greyson!" exclaimed Kate.
"I'll report you for speaking evil of those in authority."

"Please don't! I recant," laughed Vincent.
"Then show your sorrow by plucking us you fern;" and she pointed to the top of a rock.

The rather difficult ascent was soon made, and, grasping the prize, the young man was about to descend, when, a fragment of rock giving way, he "came down same ceremonic," as Kate said, alighting, however, upon his feet; but the merry laugh was changed to a frightened cry from both the girls, as, the next moment, he fell heavily to the ground.

While Kate, with her natural impulsiveness, ran for assistance, Aria hastily improvised a pillow by means of shawls, upon which she tenderly raised Vincent's head with trembling hands, and a face not less white than his own.

Dr. Winthrop's portly form soon made its appearance.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Marsden," he said, seeing Aria's pale face, as with one hand he loosened Vincent's necktie, and with the other unceremoniously drew out the pillow.

The young man soon opened his eyes.

"Are you much hurt, Greyson? This young

lady reported you dead," as Kate came up, flushed and out of breath.

"Oh, no!" answered Vincent, making an effort to rise; "only a sprain. I have a bad habit of going off in a fainting fit on the slightest pretext; but if I am left to the error of my ways, prone on my back, I soon recover."

"You would better remain quiet a short time," suggested the physician. "Now, Miss Marsden, bring on your pillows, please. This young lady had you bolstered up to the best of her abilities," he continued, laughing. "You know, miss," addressing Aria, "that fainting is caused by loss of blood to the brain, and nature places the individual in a position for the heart to supply that loss most easily; so, you see, the patient is best off without a pillow."

"Oh, yes!" replied Aria, in much confusion; "I ought to have known that. What could I

have been thinking of?"

"Perhaps," suggested Vincent, laughing, "you have laid your physiology on the shelf with Miss Kate's botany."

Here Kate entered a shower of protestations of sorrow for the accident, and self-accusations of being the cause.

"Pray don't think of it," begged Vincent.
"It is nothing serious, and will give me a pretext for enjoying your hospitality a little longer.
By the way, here is the fern you wanted," picking it up from the ground. "Pardon the manner of presentation, and remember of what it is
the token."

In spite of his raillery, it was plain to be seen that he was suffering intensely; and Dr. Winthrop insisted that he should return to the house immediately, that he might attend to the sprain.

The carriage was brought, and, in spite of Vincent's remonstrance, the whole party—including Guy and Miss Seymour, who came up at this juncture—returned at once.

The sprain proved, upon examination, to be rather serious, so much so that Dr. Winthrop vetoed the thought of Vincent's leaving the

house under a fortnight.

"And now, my dear fellow," said he, after the suffering ankle had been attended to, "they will never need your presence in the least at Greyson Villa, and while you are convalescing we can discuss at our leisure the subject we touched upon this morning."

And so Vincent Greyson's visit at Oakland was lengthened out; and that gentleman found himself wondering at the half-conscious complacence characterizing his acquiescence in the arrangement.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Miss Kate, please tell me something more of the young lady whose wonderful qualities you were descanting on at the picnic. I believe you pronounced her 'a study for sages' just before I interrupted you with that awkward lapsus linguæ."

Vincent was nursing his disabled ankle on the sofa, and the girls were working with commendable industry on some of those prefly little superfluities which some young ladies con-

trive so beautifully.

Kate looked up with a pleased surprise. As she afterward said, "she considered the request

a very hopeful symptom,"

"Indeed," she responded, eagerly, "I am sure your verdict will agree with mine when you have heard all about her." And she proceeded to tell her listener all she knew of Miss Dalesford, which wasn't much, to be sure; but Kato expatiated to a considerable length on the mysterious circumstances attending her entrée at Oakland, touched plaintively upon her lonely life, and painted her beauty, accomplishments, and marvellous school-room feats in the most glowing colors.

"I declare, Kate," lisped Aria, looking up from the zephyrs she was sorting, "you grow perfectly enthusiastic over that poor little school-room drudge! I don't see anything so remarkable, for my part. I suppose she is some one in reduced circumstances, who is obliged to teach for support; and I don't wonder she wishes to keep her employment a secret

from her former acquaintances."

There was a curve in the full, red lips, and a something in the voice and manner of the speaker, which detracted strangely from the beauty which, a moment before, you would have pronounced almost faultless.

Kate's eyes fairly flashed, but she bit her

lips and looked at Vincent.

He was regarding the speaker attentively, his fine features wearing an expression that hinted at both amusement and contempt. Seeing Kate's appealing glance, he said, addressing Miss Marsden with deprecating courtesy: "I beg leave to differ from you, Miss Aria, in regard to this young lady's work being any cause for humiliation. I claim that her profession is second to one only—that of the ministry. The instructors of our youth, if true teachers, are co-workers with the ambassadors of Christ. It belongs to them—if they but will to exercise the great prerogative—in moulding the plastic mind of youth into shapes of angelic beauty; in luring straying feet into paths of

purity and truth; in confirming struggling Effort in the upward march to Right; in disng more robing pure Religion of austerity, and crownqualities ing Virtue by the bright example of a daily . I belife, embodying much that is beautiful in peror sages' severance in well doing, to shape the destinies at awkof nations, and wield a scepter which shall sway the hearts of thousands. This young ankle on lady, from what I can gather from Miss Kate's ith comdescription, is doing a noble work, though as retty lit-

Longfellow expresses it-

"All her hope and all her pride Are in the village school."

"Right!" was the emphatic exclamation of Dr. Winthrop, who had entered during the conversation; "but, Mr. Greyson, you are aware that the most charming theories often lose the delicate frost work of elaborate beauty when brought into the furnace of practical application. The young lady under consideration is one of your model teachers; but I am afraid she finds some of her material very un-plastic, if you will allow me the expression."

Here followed a discussion of the "educational problem," in which all except Miss Marsden joined until the tea-bell rang.

Vincent Greyson, as if to atone for the crime of calling that young lady's opinion in question, devoted himself to her service most zealously during the evening, embellishing his conversation with the pretty little zeros which make up so large a part of the chitchat so entertaining to a certain type of young ladies.

The following week, Miss Marsden announced the absolute necessity of returning home at once.

"I think it is really too bad," exclaimed Kate, 
"that now, just as Mr. Greyson is beginning to 
get better, and we shall be able to look forward 
to some splendid rides and sails again, Aria 
must take it into her head to break up the 
party. And she's perfectly immovable, too," 
she continued, with vexation, "though she 
can't give half a reason for her haste!"

So Miss Marsden, in "her unaccountable freak," returned home the next day. Ah, Aria! you are not the first that has assisted in laying a trap for others, only to be taken in that same snare.

Dr. Winthrop being called away suddenly, Vincent was left almost wholly to the tender mercies of Kate for the few remaining days of his stay; for to quote her language, "Clem and Guy were grown so surprisingly selfish as to care for no one's society or comfort, save each

other's;" but the amiable little hostess graciously called into the requisition all her powers of pleasing, and was never tired of performing the music he admired, or reading aloud from his favorite authors, to say nothof the tableaux and theatricals she planned for his especial entertainment.

"Where are Clem and Guy, I should like to know?" she said one morning the week preceding the time set for Vincent's final leavetaking; "they are never here when they are wanted! Oh, yonder they come lagging along. Please open the piano, Mr. Greyson, while I look up the music.

"I think you two must suddenly have lost your hearing," she said, archly, as they entered—the one looking very happy, the other very rosy. "I have screamed after you till my lungs are sore! Mr. Greyson and I want you to sing this new quartet with us."

"Perhaps, out of consideration for your lungs," began Guy; but Kate put her hand over his mouth with an imperative little gesture toward the piano.

And so the quartet was sung. And who could tell that among the rich symphonies that blent to weave that joyous melody there were glad echoes of bliss newly found, blending with yearnings for lost love and happiness, breathing lamentivole?

Thus it is, we have each our part in life's grand anthem—let us sing it heartily—whether grief or gladness underlie the strain—remembering that oftentimes when we grope most darkly, the light is just beyond."

"Eureka! the vulnerable heel of the doughty Achilles!" exclaimed Kate, on her return from a ride the following day. "I say, Guy, your friend hasn't his heart as strongly fortified as he flattered himself; but it's altogether inexplicable!"

"Lady Katherine," said Guy, "when you graciously conclude that I've been upon the rack for a sufficient time, be pleased to enlighten me,"

"You don't deserve it after that speech, but I'll be magnanimous this time, as I want the benefit of your pre-eminent powers of logic.

"Well, Mr. Greyson drove me round to Morton Park, and as we entered, he having been nansually sunny and agreeable, we met Miss Dalesford and her little charge. Well, Guy, your unimpressible friend started at sight of her as if he was frightened, and flushed and paled, and paled and flushed like a schoolgirl; and drove home in such a profound state of abstraction, that I verily believe he was as

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her prothe minh, if true bassadors y but will moulding of angelic p paths of unconscious of my august presence as if I'd been in the moon. I don't know but he would have driven over the bank above Oak Grove, if I hadn't asked him to be careful."

Guy laughed. "Pll veto this driving out with my little cousin if it subjects her to such imminent peril," he said. "I should like to form the acquaintance of the young lady who has power to produce such wonderful phenomena. "How did she appear, Kate? Did

she seem to recognize him?"

"I don't think she saw him; she was showing Bertie something by the roadside as we passed. I'm puzzled completely! I've spoken to him of her repeatedly, and he never gave any token of special interest. I'll tell you what, Guy, I'm going to send her an invitation to spend the day with us on Saturday."

"You think perhaps the two problems, if brought together, will solve each other," said

Guy, laughing.

Kate rested her chin on her hand in a way peculiar to herself when in a brownstudy.

Vincent soon came in, looking as composed as his usual calm self; and Kate went out to see about dinner, singing softly:

"Oh, for some Ariadne kind,
A clue with skilful fingers to unwind!"

## CHAPTER VI.

If Kate Winthrop had been puzzled before, she was completely astounded, when, on Saturday morning, Vincent Greyson coolly started on a fishing excursion, carrying lunch with him—thus signifying his intention of protracting his absence. She had told him that she expected Miss Dalesford to spend the day with them, and she hoped he would find her all that she had pictured. He had manifested no interest in the amouncement except to ask the young ludy's Christian name, and seemed so distrait and strange that Kate was getting thoroughly out of patience with him, as he told Guy, reporting the above to him on his return from the post-office.

Had any one been watching Vincent's movements, they had suggested another unanswerable question, as, on losing sight of the house, he turned his back on the river, and, with fishing-rod on his shoulder, rushed into the wood with the abandon of one seeking he know not

what.

Pushing on through the cool woods in the dewy morning, he came to a sudden stand, and a smile of the bitterest scorn wreathed his lips. "Fool and coward!" he ejaculated; "running from a woman. She was the first to turn; and shall I flee from her now? But yet to avoid a scene"-again starting forward. A child's voice calling, each call half swallowed up in a great sob, broke in upon his soliloquy. Following the direction of the voice, he came upon a little boy, who at sight of him turned and ran as for dear life. Vincent dropped his fishing-rod, and with quick strides soon overtook the little fugitive. Grasping the child's arm, he sat down, and drawing him to him, said kindly: "Don't run away from me, my little man; perhaps I can help you. What are you doing here in the woods alone?"

The child replied, between his sobs, that "his sister had told him to stay in the path while she went up the hill a little way to get him some bright scarlet berries; and he went out of the way, just a little, to catch a pretty bird; and the bird went a little farther, and all at pnce he was lost, and could not find himself;" and here the child's grief burst forth

afresh.

"Well, never mind; I'll bring you back to your sister all right," said Vincent; yet, in spite of the assurance of the tone, he knew as little what route to take as the child.

"What is your sister's name?" he asked of the little fellow, now clinging to his hands.

"Inex."

Vincent Greyson stopped abruptly, and the child looked up wonderingly into his face as he muttered to himself: "The fates are against me! Well, such weakness deserves punishment. If her unfaithfulness, and all these years of schooling, have been in vain, I will bring myself to meet her. I can turn from her as coldly as she turned from me in the day when she wrecked my life!"

The next moment his deep tones woke the echoes of the still woods in the name to which,

for years, he had sealed his lips.

His call was answered, and he strode forward as if to meet his fate, scarcely heeding the little feet that with difficulty kept pace with his own.

Coming to a sudden opening in the wood, he stood face to face with the woman whose image every day looked down from the "inner wall" of his heart, let him close his eyes as he might.

She grew deadly pale at sight of him, and stood as if transfixed to the spot.

The frigidly formal speech he had woven to address to her was forgotten, and the pain of kel ask dat S gat Ma "L gon owr her

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Ha Inez grand hospi years was concentrated in the half-reproachful tone that uttered only her name: "Inez!"

With a trembling hand she drew from her pocket a letter, and put it into his hand without a word. He glanced over it hurriedly, and then read it again.

"What does it mean, Inez? Why have you kept me waiting so long for your reply?" he asked, in a bewildered way. "This letter

dates five years back,"

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Sending the child away a little distance to gather wild flowers, she told him the story of Marion Ware's confession, adding at the close: "Let us judge her tenderly, Vincent, she has gone to her account." And then she made her own confession, how in the dark time when her fortune went down in the vortex following her uncle's death, and swarms of sunshine friends turned coldly from her, she had construed his silence into a like, a more cruel, desertion; how in the agony and despair of that time she had left her former home without confiding her intention to any, and had sought a refuge where she hoped to forget the past, using every precaution to prevent discovery.

There were mutual confessions, too sacred for repetition, whispered in the cool, shady wood on that bright June morning, when the glad truth dawned upon Vincent Greyson that, during the long years that had separated them, both had been true, though each deemed the

other faithless.

"What right have you to kiss my sister Iner?" The tone was as full of indignation as the childish voice could contain.

"The best right in the world," answered Vincent, turning and smiling down upon the boy as he stood there with his little hands clinched fiercely, the picture of liliputian pugnacity, with his flowers scattered on the ground at his feet.

"I say you have not!" he retorted, stoutly. "She is my own sister Ines, and nobody's else

in all the world."

"But I am your brother," explained Vincent, "come to take you both to my beautiful home far away. I am lonely without you, and will do all in my power to make you happy. Will you go?"

The question was asked in a low, tender tone, and both the man and child looked at Inex for

reply.

Half an hour later, Vincent Greyson and Inez Dalesford were walking leisurely up the grand old avenue leading to Dr. Winthrop's hospitable mansion, the former in a very different frame of mind from that in which he left it an hour previous,

The jovial old doctor, who had witnessed Vincent's strange manœuvre on setting out, could not forbear rallying him on his speedy and unparalleled success.

Vincent received his badinage with the most sparkling acquiescence, and explained to the wonder-eyed Kate that he had accidentally met with her expected visitor, and that she proved to be a former friend of his.

When in the evening he returned with Miss Dalesford to her boarding-house, little May Evers, to her mother's astonishment, welcomed him as an old acquaintance, and then proceeded to inform her whisperingly that "this was the gentleman who wrote in Miss Dalesford's book and made her so sorry; but she guessed Miss Dalesford had forgiven him."

And so Vincent Greyson's stay at Oakland was again protracted; and Kate laughingly assured Guy that the result of her schemes was surpassing her highest expectations.

"You know," said the young lady, "we never like to acknowledge ourselves foiled; and though our desires are brought to a consummation independently of our exertions, martyr-like we do not refuse to bear the blame," imitating Mrs. Arnold's voice and manner to perfection.

Inez completed the two weeks which remained of the term for which she was engaged in the little school-house, with a joy in her heart like the singing of birds in early spring time, filling up the intervals with superintending the making up of sundry beautiful and delicate fabrics that had an air of orange blossoms about them.

Guy one evening, to the blushing discomfiture of Miss Seymour, proposed to the happy pair to wait a few months for company; but Vincent's absence from home had been unduly prolonged already; and as to leaving Inez behind, that was not to be thought of.

And so one day the good people of Oakland were electrified by the lightning-spread intelligence that Squire Trendway had issued license for the marriage of Mr. Vincent Greyson and Miss Inez Dalesford Lynne!

And the quidnuncs turned it over, and passed it from one to another, viewing it in various lights, through various distorted mediums.

And Mrs. Arnold called upon Ines to inform her that "it would be expedient to clear up the mystery enveloping her name before leaving Oakland."

Inez, with a cool self-possession astonishing

to the irrepressible lady, informed her in turn that "there was nothing in regard to the matter which concerned, however remotely, any one in the community."

On a bright morning in the latter part of the "month of roses," the little church of Oakland was garlanded with flowers by busy hands that vied with each other in the work of love.

And then the waiting at the altar, "the spoken words holy," the irrevocable vows, followed by the usual April-day mingling of smiles and tears, with some half-angry glances at the one who had dared to claim "our Miss Inez."

Then came the comforting of little, sorrowful, half-rebellious hearts; a farewell visit to the brown achool-house; a tender leave-taking of a lonely grave in the church-yard; then cheerful good-byes, and the happy party set out for the evening train as the last sunbeams lingered on the far-off hilltops.

Sell Marie 46 . The chariot of the year has rolled round its circuit thrice and again since that weddingday, strewing its green and sombre, its flowers and snow-wreaths; and to-night Inez sits in the June twilight, her eyes fondly following a bright, manly boy as he guides the little feet of baby May, shouting in her infant glee, to meet a well-known form approaching. The tears well up in her eyes as of yore, but they have lost the old yearning look of sudness long ago, for her heart is aglow with the peaceful trust that He hath done and "will do all things well:" and her lips are wreathed with smiling as they murmur the diapason of her glad, new life song:

"Though the way to the Heights lead through labyrinths of doubt, there is brightness and joy at the end thereof."

Changing the Color of Flowers.—An English paper describes a case of yellow primrose, which, when planted in a rich soil, had the flowers changed to a brilliant purple. It also says that charcoal adds great brilliancy to the colors of dahlias, roses, and petunias; carbonate of soda reddens pink hyacinths, and phosphate of soda changes the colors of many plants.

CONSCIENCE is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or a shorter slumber; but his starts are frightful, and terrible is the hour when he awakes.

### THE TWO PATHS.

BY MARY A. FORD.

Your path winds up the hill-side fair and sunny,

Through flowers of fadeless bloom,

And mine through lone and ever-deepening shad
ows

Of evening's twilight gloom.

Before your eyes, sweet as the shores of Eden,
Blossoms a pleasant land;
For me the tangled wild and dreavy desert
Stretch wide on either hand.

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Love, beauty, friendship—woman's dearest bless-

And fondest hopes are thine; A sore, despairing heart, forever starving On empty husks, is mine.

God pity us whose feet must ever linger
By Marah's bitter streams,
Whose yearning arms but clasp the mocking
phantoms
Of vain, delusive dreams!

Is it because my sins are red like crimson, And retribution mine.

That to my portion fall life's tasteless ashes, To yours the golden wine?

If I have sinned, have others, pure and blameless, Passed through the flames unscarred— No seorch or stain upon their garments' whiteness, Their spotless skirts unmarred?

Or, if they through long years of wrong and folly
To adverse winds have sown,
Wherefore must I, unblest and unforgiven,
The whirlwind reap alone?

Repining heart, oppressed and heavy laden,
Be silent! God is just;
He heareth every prayer and cry of anguish;
Believe Him, love, and trust.

O sister fair, for you sweet fields of promise
Blossom 'neath summer skies;
For me the path across life's dreary desert
Lone and beclouded lies.

But in the better home, where falls no shadow,
That home from sorrow free,
I, now deformed, bereft, shall, clothed in beauty,
Walk side by side with thee.

Ir is not enough to believe what you maintain; you must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you believe it.—Whately.

## BETTER THAN OUR FEARS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

" TOHN!"

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The man did not stir.

"John!" His wife laid her hand on his

shoulder. He moved slightly.
"It is very dark I know, husband dear! But night does not last forever. Morning always comes."

"We have waited a long time for the day to break, Hetty-a long, long time!"

Mr. Archer lifted his bowed head, and looked at his wife drearily.

"A long, long time, Hetty," he added, "and the night is still black."

"But the earth turns steadily. It cannot be long from daybreak."

"Maybe not, but I have lost heart and hope, Oh, if I could but die!" And Mr. Archer threw up his hands with a despairing gesture.

"And leave me helpless and friendless,"

said his wife.

"If we could both die!" he answered, mournfully. "We are not fitted for a world like this. We cannot keep step with the eager, selfish, unscrupulous crowd. We are jostled, and hurt, and driven to the wall."

"God made it, and takes care of it," said Mrs. Archer, in a confident tone. "If he so clothe the gram of the field which to-day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe us? Let the past give us confidence for the future. Up to this hour he has led us by a safe way."

"But such a dark and strange way," returned her husband. "At scarcely any time during these past ten years have I been able to see a hand's breadth before me; and when the cloud did lift for a moment, it was that I might see some impassable mountain, or some frightful precipice."

"And yet," spoke the wife cheerily, "the mountain and precipices are behind us. Though we have come thus far on life's journey by ways that we know not, we have come safely."

"If there were no more steep mountains to climb; no more precipices to threaten destruction," said Mr. Archer. "I am weak and weary."

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be. Has it not always been so, my husband? When was the burden God gave us to carry too great for our strength?—or the way by which he led us, impassable? Then think, dear husband! how much better it is with us than with many others whom we know. There is poor Mr. Edgar. It is now nearly two months since he was able to do a stroke of work; and his wife is a weak, sickly thing. If you are in doubt and despair, how must it be with him?"

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Archer, with a touch of sympathy in his voice. "His case is bad, indeed. I don't see what is to become of him and his family. The neighbors should look after him."

"Who are his neighbors?" asked Mrs. Ar-

Her husband did not answer the question,

"Are you not of the number?" she queried. "Yes, I suppose so. But if all are as badly off as we, there is precious little help in

"There is refreshment in a cup of cold water," said Mrs. Archer. "Many a life has been saved by so small an offering. Let us give the water if we can do no more. While brooding over our own troubles, we have forgotten those of our poor neighbor who is far worse off than we are. Come, John, let us go round and see after the Edgars."

"You go, Hetty; I don't feel like it," re-plied Mr. Archer. "If there is anything I can do I will try and do it. You go, and talk with Mrs. Edgar. I don't doubt but you can say something that will give her comfort."

"John," said Mrs. Archer, "God is the great comforter of us all; and if we would have his blessing, we must be like him. Give, and it shall be given unto you. Let us try to forget our own troubles in an effort to ease the troubles of those who are in more difficult places. Come! Mr. and Mrs. Edgar may be in sore need of just such help as it is in our power to give."

A little way from the Archers lived Mr. Edgar. He was a mechanic with a wife and three children. Two months before he had injured himself in lifting a heavy piece of timber, and had not since been able to do any work. His wife, who was in delicate health, had taken in sewing since that time, and earned

with her needle, two or three dollars a week. But the strain of overwork and anxiety was too much for Mrs. Edgar. While in the act of setting the table for their scanty meal on this very evening, a sudden faintness seized her, and she fell insensible to the floor.

Her husband had barely strength enough, with the assistance of his oldest child, a girl fen years of age, to lift her upon a settee that was in the room. While in the act of doing so, Mr. and Mrs. Archer entered. He who cares tenderly for all His children had sent them in this time of sorest need.

In his strong arms, Mr. Archer carried the insensible woman to her chamber. All his own cares and troubles were forgotten in a

moment.

For nearly half an hour this fainting fit continued; then conscious life slowly returned.

"I knew it would come to this!" Mr. Edgar had exclaimed, in a voice so full of misery and despair that it aroused in the heart of his visitor a feeling of deep commisseration.

"Your wife is not strong," he said.

"Strong! No, sir!" the man answered, in a tone of bitterness. "She hasn't the strength of a child."

His face worked painfully—he clinched and unclinched his hands in a helpless kind of way—there was a desperate look in his eyes.

"No, sir," he added, "not the strength of a child; and yet burdens that strong men find often too great to bear have been laid on her shoulders. O sir! it is a hard thing for a man to see his wife staggering under heavy loads while his hands are powerless to help! I grow so desperate sometimes, that I can hardly keep back evil thoughts."

"How long is it since you were able to

work ?" asked Mr. Archer.

"More than two months," the man replied.

"You are gaining strength?"
"I don't know that I am?"

"You walk better than you did a few weeks

ago. I have noticed that."

"Yes; but what is walking? I want strength for working, and that doesn't come, I can't lift a ten-pound weight without a pain in my back. I'm a useless drone—a burden and a care. Heaven help me! I sometimes wish I were dead!"

"Heaven will help you, my friend," said Mr. Archer, offering the assurance his own weak faith had not been strong enough to accept.

"I don't know about that," replied the other, gloomily. "God is good to some, but very

hard on others. We are not the favored ones."

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"We will talk about that some other time," said Mr. Archer. "There is, I doubt not, a loving care over us all; but when our way lies through dark and difficult places, it is hard to believe that we are not forsaken of God. After the fear and pain are over, we are able to see the hand that led us in safety."

The man sighed heavily, but did not answer. "You worked for Lloyd & Co.?" said Mr.

Archer, after a little silence.

"Yes."

"Has any one from the mill been to see you since you were hurt?"

"No. I have been left to die like a dog. Mill owners have no souls."

"I have always heard Mr. Lloyd spoken of as a kind-hearted man."

"So he is to his dogs and horses, his cows and his sheep. But for his human dependants—save the mark! I have worked faithfully in his mill for six years; and now, crippled for life in his service, I am turned off to starve."

"I'll see about that," returned Mr. Archer, rising abruptly and leaving the house. A hurried walk brought him in a few minutes to a handsome residence, surrounded by tasteful grounds. As he entered the gate, he met the owner, a sturdy looking man, with short irongray hair and beard; a strong but delicate mouth, and blue eyes out of which looked a woman's tenderness.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lloyd."

"Oh! Mr. Archer, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Lloyd held out his hand in a frank, kindly way.

"Good-evening, Mr. Archer. Is there any-

thing I can do for you?"

"Thank you! Not for me. But there is one sorely needing your help." Archer spoke in a voice that trembled with feeling, and in which Mr. Lloyd detected an accusing spirit.

"Who is it?" was promptly asked.

"You have had in your employment for several years a workman named Edgar?" said Mr. Archer.

"Yes; a faithful and true man. What of him?" Mr. Lloyd's voice was full of concern. "Nothing wrong with him, I hope?"

"Yes, sir; something very wrong. He was badly injured, while in your employment, over two months ago."

"Badly injured, did you say?" asked Mr.

"Yes, sir; so badly injured that he has not been able to do a stroke of work since. His weak, sickly wife has had to keep the fantily up ever since; and now she has broken down.

"And I was told nothing of this!" exclaimed

Mr. Lloyd, his face growing pale.

"Did you not hear of the accident?" asked Mr. Archer.

"No; I must have been away when it occurred. I am often absent on business-frequently for weeks at a time." My partners have more to do with the mill and the workmen than I have. But where does Edgar live?"

"It is nearly a quarter of a mile distant."

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"May I ask you to show me the way ?"

"I am going right back to his house. My wife is there doing what she can for Mrs. Edgar, whom we found in a fainting fit, the result of atter exhaustion from overwork and anxiety."

Mr. Lloyd scarcely spoke a work as he walked rapidly in the direction of Edgar's cottage. On arriving, he went in hurriedly, and meeting his workman face to face, said with much feeling:

"My poor man! This is all wrong! I never knew a word about it until a moment ago. Some one is miserably to blame! So take heart. It shall all be made right."

The look of grateful surprise that flushed into Edgar's face the flow of manly tears that could not be repressed-revealed to Mr. Lloyd the depth of misery out of which he had lifted this poor forgotten one.

"Pardon my weakness, sir," Edgar made answer, as soon as he could command his voice, "But it came on me so suddenly."

"Why didn't you send me word?" asked Mr. Lloyd. "It wasn't right in you to do so." "I thought you must know it, sir. Every-

body knew I was hurt."

"I was not at home; and when I came back, no one told me. It was all very wrong. I shall be hard on somebody for this. Who was your foreman ?"

There was an angry quiver in Mr. Lloyd's

"Don't be hard on anybody on my account," said Mr. Edgar. "Maybe it was only forgetfulness."

"Forgetfulness such as this is a crime," was the stern answer. "The man who fails to report a case like yours is not worthy to hold a forman's position."

"Please excuse me for a moment," said Edgar, rising with difficulty. "I must tell

VOL XXXVIII.-11.

Mary the good news. It will comfort herpoor soul !"

And he moved slowly away to an adjoining chamber. In a little while he came back, with moisteyes, out of which all the trouble had gone.

"You are a neighbor of this poor man," Mr. Lloyd had said to Archer, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes, sir. I live near him."

"And have a friendly interest in his welfare? But I need not ask that question. Your actions have proved that. Have you leisure to walk home with me? I would like to confer with you about him."

"If it be your wish, I shall be happy to act with you for his relief," said Mr. Archer. It was long after their usual supper hour

when Mr. Archer returned home that evening. His wife waited for him, wondering at his delay; wondering, until surprise at his absence began to change into concern. Then, as she sat listening intently, she heard the well-known sound of his coming feet. It was not the usual measured tread, but quick and elastic, What could it mean? She had risen, and was leaning forward as he threw open the door. Almost with a bound he came in, catching her in his arms.

"O Hetty!" he exclaimed, "I have such good news for you! Mr. Lloyd wants me to be his private and confidential clerk, and offers me twice as much a year as I have ever made in my life, It is just the place of all others that I would like, and one in which I am sure I can give satisfaction. He is such a true, noble-hearted man, Hetty. I never understood him before. You don't know what a long, nice talk we have had together. He says he is sure I am the man he has long been searching for; and if an honest effort to be true and faithful to the work he gives me to do will avail anything, he shall not be disappointed."

"He has been better to us than all our fears," answered Mrs. Archer, with a sob and a gush of thankful tears, as she laid her wet

face upon her husband's breast.

"He has always been better," responded the husband. "But I am such a coward when evil threatens. To think how this succor came! It makes me humble, and glad, and thankful, all in one. We were not seeking our own good, but that of another. We were offering and not asking help. Weak as we were we reached out our hands to those who were weaker, and, lo! the help we needed has come to us all.

"And I was fold nothing of this . ORNERWOT IT AIRTORIV YE at a which all the trouble had gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mary the good news, It will contact bern-

A FTER midnight Darley Hanes could not sleep, or, at least, if he dropped away for a few moments into a disturbed slumber, he was sure to start up out of some horrible dream, with his heart throbbing and his nerves

shaking.

Long afterward, when Darley tried to recall his dreams at this time, everything was hazy and confused in his memory—a sort of night-mare, out of which faces of hobgoblin and gorgon started and grinned at him; and yet, all the faces seemed to have some subtle likeness to that of the bearded stranger whom Darley had seen in the faint moonlight on the lonely road; or to that other face—which the boy knew by heart—that had glared at him a moment as he passed by. Indeed Darley had not been able to get the two faces out of his thoughts all day, and he had exercised those shrewd wits of his no little in speculating on young Forsyth's trouble, without getting a particle nearer the truth though.

"Hang it! I can't stand this any longer," he said at last, starting up out of a dream or nightmare, a cold sweat actually breaking all over his stout little limbs: "I'll get up and see if a smart trot wont get these cobwebs out

of my old brain."

Darley Hanes was certain not to wait long in the execution of anything to which he had once made up his mind; so he was out of bed in a minute, dressed himself in the dark, and then stumbled to the window and looked out. In the east a gray, cold dawn was just beginning to rise, and overhead the stars were get-

ting pale.

Everything looked unutterably dreary and cold: the world lay ald and bare on the edge of winter—all the songs, the dear rustle of leaves, the gladness of blossoms gone down forever in bare empty flats of woods and meadows—what a mercy it was that the winds and the clouds would soon be spinning a great white shroud for all that stark nakedness and death!

Some thoughts of this kind were in the boy's soul as he gazed out of the small window panes of the old "lean-to;" then he turned and went down stairs.

The stove was up now, and Darley inspected

the grate, and found that the fire had kept all night. So long as the weather was moderately warm, Prudy regarded it a piece of extravagance to build a fresh fire every day. The damper had only to be turned now, and the coals would all be alive in a short time. It was singular that, years afterward, Darley Hanes could never behold a smouldering fire, with little bright arrowy tongues like small ligards shooting among the coals, that he did not recall that dreary dawn, and himself standing by the grate in the old "lean-to;" but something happened, as you will learn in a little while, which made that morning stand out in Darley Hanes's memory clear and sharp against all the other mornings of his boyhood.

He went out, putting his hands in his pockets and facing the bleak picture of the dead earth and the early dawn, with the chilly

dampness clinging to the air.

"Now, if I had the faintest tinge or whiff of supersition about me," muttered the boy, "wouldn't I think the ghosts and goblins had made a set on me last night? But Hamlet's father's ghost gave up airing himself long ago beyond the stage boards; and if he didn't, Thornley isn't Denmark, and I'm not Hamlet's uncle."

Now Darley thought that was rather a clever joke. It tended to put him in a better humor with himself; and he kept on at a brisk pace, and his blood began to circulate more rapidly, and the cold, patient dawn grew alowly into

daylight around Thornley.

About two miles from home, Darley pansed where the road forked. He was uncertain which course to take, for one path led off to the old turnplie, and beyond that was a cut across lots that would materially diminish the distance home, while the other road struck down to the river flats; and just beyond the bridge lay the highway.

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Darley took, at first, the road which intersected the turnpike. He went a few rods, and then—to this day without knowing why—without any possible reason for the change in his course, he suddenly stopped, faced about, retraced his steps, and took the other fork of the

road.

A drearier spectacle can hardly be imagined than that which greeted the boy as he came upon the river flats. They lay before him wrapped in gray, unwholesome fogs, sloping wide and bare down to the river, the banks fringed with swamp willows, which shone spectral through the mists.

In the summer the same landscape made a delicious picture, with the cattle grazing kneedeep in the low, rich pastures, and the river shining broad and blue betwixt them; but now the fog and gloom, and wide, utter barrenness made the whole scene inexpressibly dreary.

Darley shivered, and hurried off toward the bridge; and he had nearly gained this, when the boy suddenly stood still, struck with the sight of something white on the river bank.

It was quite light by this time. The white object moved a little, and then, peering through the thick gray mist, Darley Hanes saw that there was a human figure on the bank.

There it stood, motionless as a statue, staring at the broad, dark current below, which at this point rushed rapidly to the sea.

Darley's curiosity was greatly excited by his discovery, while something in the whole position of the motionless figure struck a chill through him. As his gaze cleared, the boy saw the whiteness, which had first attracted his notice, were the shirt-sleeves—in that chill, wintry fog, too!

Darley Hanes was no coward. He drew his breath, however, and his heart beat fast as he stole down to the bank, with an awful fear lest, before he reached it, the figure standing on the edge of the bank should plunge away from his sight into the dark river below.

The miry soil gave no echo to his footsteps, and he had almost reached the figure—he saw by this time that it was a young, half-boyish one, instead of the old man's he had first fancied it—when suddenly it stirred, turned about, and confronted Darley Hanes.

In a moment the boy's face grew actually livid—he stood still as though a thunderbolt had struck him to the spot, and he cried out sharply—a cry of amazement, horror, pity, all in one; for the face that Darley Hanes saw down there among the river fogs while the dawn was growing into early day was the face of Ramsey Forsyth!

There was an awful look in the latter's eyes.

-a wild, bright, defiant glow—that even in that dreadful moment struck Darley.

"Have you come for me?" he asked, in a voice hardly above a whisper. "I wont go go back with you. I tell you I wont; but I wont give you any trouble either;" and then

his glance shot down to the river again, and Darley knew what the boy meant, and knew, too, that in a minute more all would have been too late.

He drew closer to Ramsey, shaking in every limb; and seeing now a long, swollen bruise on one side of the youth's face: "Forsyth," he asked, in a shaken whisper—for it struck the younger boy that the elder had suddenly gone mad—"what has happened? What is the matter with you?"

Ramsey stared at the questioner; but the bright horror did not clear out of his eyes. "Don't you know?" he asked. "Haven't they sent you after me? I tell you I'll save them the trouble of hanging me;" and again his gaze struck off to the river, which went swift and dark to the sea,

Darley was more and more convinced that his friend was suddenly gone distraught. He must save him from self-destruction. If there were only somebody in sight; but at that time of the morning no human being was to be found on the low meadows of Thornley River.

Darley put his hand on Ramsey's arm. "My dear fellow," he said, in a voice that shook with pity and horror, "come away from here! Let me help you."

Ramsey stared again. The pity which was uppermost in Darley's eyes seemed to strike the other now. "Haven't you heard?" he asked. "I thought you had come for me."

"What is there to hear, Forsyth? What is the matter with you?" asked Darley.

Then the answer came, mounting up in a sort of shrick that would have made any human nerves shudder: "Last night I murdered my father!"

There was a cry this time from Darley Hanes, and, too weak to stand he sank down on his knees on the damp ground, covering his livid face with his hands, and crying out, "O my God!" my God!" as, in all the troubles which had fallen so heavily into his boyhood, he had never cried that hame before.

The cry must have pierced through the fire and frenzy at work in Ramsey Forsyth's brain to his heart—a cry that could have come only from a soul that had loved and trusted him, and that was smitten now with an unutterable agony at his words.

He drew nearer the boy. "I didn't mean to do it," he said. "I thought it was a robber when the pistol went off in my hand."

It was an hour after daylight, but Prudy and Cherry were still fast asleep.

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imagined he came It was a pleasant sight, that of the young, pretty faces, with the masses of dark hair about them, as they inv slumbering together in the chamber of the "lean-to." But Darley Hanes had something but pretty sights to be thinking of that morning, as he rushed into the room and shouted, "Prudy—Cherry—you must get right up!"

There was a movement of both heads—then the two girls opened their eyes and saw Darley standing there with his white, shocked face,

"What has happened?" cried one or both of the voices, and the girls were sitting up in bed and staring, alarmed, at their brother.

"A great deal has happened," said Darley, in a voice that was not just his, so grave, and shocked, and old it seemed. "You must get right up. There's somebody down stairs needs you. I've brought him home with me, and I've only just saved him from drowning himself in Thornley River."

"Drowning!" cried two amazed voices; and then the sisters looked at each other and at

Darley in white amazement.

"It's Ramsey Forsyth," he continued, rapidly. "I don't dare to leave him for a minute. O girls, you don't know what awful work I've had to bring him here, and you lying quietly asleep all the time!"

Every word of their brother's incoherent talk only added to the amazement and horror of the

girls.

"Are we awake, Prudy?" asked Cherry, shivering and drawing closer to her sister.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Prudy. "Darley, do stay a minute—what is it you are saying?" For the boy had turned away, and was going down stairs.

He turned back now. The truth was so terrible, Darley had instinctively shunned it; but it must come out, and as well now as ever; and he did not dare stop to pick his way through careful words to the dreadful fact.

"Girls," he said, "the most awful thing has happened that you ever heard of. Ramey Foreith shot his father last night! He didn't mean to—he thought it was robbers. I don't know all about it myself—I only know that he is down stairs this minute by the fire, and that he'd have been lying drowned in Thornley River long before this if I hadn't got up before daylight, and found him on the banks just ready to spring in, and dragged and pulled him home with me."

The girls burst out crying. Darley's story, coming so suddenly, had shocked them into utter helplessness. If he could have cried with

them, it would have been an unutlerable relief, but there was the boy down stairs, and for himself Darley felt that this morning had made an old man of him; but Darley was mistaken here; he would find out in time that it takes a great many dreadful mornings to make us old.

He spoke now, with a quavering through his voice: "Prudy-Cherry-you're only girls, I know, and this is an awful trouble to face; but we are only boys, too, and you are all in the world we have to look to. If you fail us, everything must go. Can's you be women now-strong, and brave, and helpful-in this awful crisis?" If you don't-if you go down in tears, and sobs, and fright, that will be the end. Ab, Prudy, you are the oldest, and you've got a warm, true heart, I know, when trouble comes, and it was never needed so much as now. I don't know what is to be done, and I want you-not a scared, helpless, sobbing girl, but a calm, brave woman-and Cherry, too, to plan and work with me; for there the poor fellow sits down stairs with a look that would melt a stone to see, and I'm the only friend he's got in the world now, and I'm only a boy, and it's a big trouble to carry all alone."

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Then Darley went down stairs. The homely eloquence of the boy had not been lost on his hearers. There was done up in the making of those frail young girls a power which would

be sure to respond to this appeal.

Prudy, all quivering with amazement and horror, turned to her sister.

"Cherry," she whispered, "you heard what Darley said. We must do it."

"Yes, Prndy; we'll try," answered Cherry, her tears dropping fast on her nightgown; and in the next few moments the girls were out of bed and dressing themselves as fast as their shaking hands would allow.

In all its hundred years, the south room of the old "lean to" had never witnessed such a scene as it did on that morning when the two breathless girls, with faces out of which all the pretty bloom had wilted, came down stairs and saw Ramsey Forsyth sitting there by the fire, which was all in a live glow, while Darley was rubbing the hands of their guest.

The boy made a sign to the girls, and they came forward, and Ramsey sat before them with his head sunken on his breast, and the indescribable expression of utter despair pervading his attitude which had marked him that morning as he stood on the flats, with the dark, silent river waiting for him below.

"These are my sisters, Forsyth," said Darley, trying to speak in a cheerful voice. "They will be as good friends to you as I am, every

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With a start, as though an arrow had struck and quivered in his flesh, Ramsey turned and stared at the girls. There was a swift terror in his look; and, as that vanished streight of the young, pitful faces, they saw something in his eyes. Whenever Cherry talked about it afterwards, she would draw her breath and lower her tone, and say: "It was just awful!"

Of a sudden Ramsey sprang up; the sight of those girls brought Cressy back with terrible vividness; and—perhaps though he did not know it himself, though he had teased and tormented the life half out of her—that young sister of his was a little dearer to Ramsey Forsyth than anything in the world beside. "Why didn't you let me drown," he cried, "whon I wanted to? It would all have been over long before; and it wasn't any kindness to bring me back to this!"

The team rained right over Cherry's cheeks as she heard that dreadful cry; but Prudy, though her whole face shook with the effort, stepped right up to the boy, and put both hands on his shoulder. "No," she said, "Darley did right not to let you drown... "I'm glad he found you—and brought you here to us!"

"But you wont be," answered Ramsey, with a look which it seemed nothing human could have stood unmoved, "when they come and drag me away from here to prison."

"They'll have to do that over my dead body first," shouted Darley, getting right up on his feet and sprending out his clinched fists, and looking as fierce as some old knight when he mounted his steed at the sound of the trumpet, and rade into the lists, with the old buttle cry of tilt and tournament on his lips, "And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven." As for Prudy, she looked fierce, and glanced at the poker; and Cherry's round little face with the tears on it, grew stern as she stared around for a weapon with which to bear down the majesty of the law, and decided on a well-worn dust-brush.

"And when it comes to the frial, and the hanging—no, it would have been better to let me drown," said Ramsey Forsyth, in low, slow tones, and glancing with a shudder toward the door.

"They wont hang you. You didn't mean to kill your father," said Prudy, very decid-

"No, indeed you didn't," sobbed Cheery.
"They'd see that."

Ramsey ank down in a chair he put his

hands before his face: "No," he said, and his voice sounded hollow in their ears, "I did not mean to kill my father; but I was robbing him!"

The brother and the sisters gased at each other. Darley shook his head in a way which implied that he believed young Forsyth did not know what he was saying, and the girls, in their pity and horror, were at once disposed to adopt this view of the case.

Something dreadful had happened, which had shaken the youth's wits and driven him to the very verge of suicide, but they were not going to think any evil of Darley's friend and theirs—they witnessed his agony, and that was enough with this brother and his innocent young sisters; no matter how the facts stood against Bameey Forsyth, they would still believe he was "more sinned against than sinning," and blame would be swallowed up in pity.

"If I could only get him warm," said Darley, still keeping to work at the cold hands. "He's just like a cake of ice, Prudy."

"We must get some hot ten down, right off," cried Prudy; and now she knew her ground, and commonplact work and care steadied the girl's nerves as she set promptly about it—coming back every now and then with Cherry to look at their guest, whose sanken eyes and lived face seemed to grow more deathlike every moment. He did not speak or stir—once or twice he raised his eyelids and gased at them, but they were all doubtful whether he saw them; indeed, Ramsey Forsyth's eyes had seen little since midnight save the dead body of his father stretched stark and stiff before him.

At last Prudy whispered: "We'd better get the lounge up to the fire." A seldnow and

The broad, old-fashioned, but very comfortable piece of farniture was dragged from its time-bonored place.

Ramsey, utterly submissive now through exhaustion and misery, laid down on it, and they piled blankets upon him.

By this time the tea was ready. Darley lifted the boy's head, and Prudy held the cup to Ramsey's lips, and he tried to force down a swallow or two of the drink, but the success cost such a painful effort that he waved the cup back, saying, "I can't drink it."

His head sank back on the cushions—his drawn mouth—the ashen pallor of his face gave it a deathly look. The scared trio of watchers around the lounge stared at each other and at their guest, a fear lest he might die in a little while auddenly striking them.

Prudy,—with whom all emotion was pretty certain to take soon the form of practical helpfulness—hurried off to get ready some heated bricks for the boy's feet, and in a moment Darley followed her into the old kitchen to hold a short council.

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The girl shook her head: "He has an awful look-awful," she said.

You don't s'pose he is going to-" The little money lable stuck in Darley's throat.

"I don't know. Sometimes a dreadful trouble like this does kill folks, you know."

"I know it does at least J've read of such things; and there couldn't be any trouble more awful than this."

"No," said Prudy, under her breath, with her scared face, "there couldn't. It's all come so suddenly that I can't really take it in. But you mustn't leave Cherry there alone with him."

Darley turned to go back, but before he reached the door he came to Prudy again and said, "Prudy, we ought to do something. Can't you help me to think? A girl's thoughts are sometimes better than a boy's."

Nothing could have proved more conclusively the awful straits into which Darley Hanes had fallen than this confession. At any other time, too, you may be sure Prudy would have plumed herself on such an avowal, but so absorbed was she in the dreadfal tragedy one of whose acts was so strangely going on under the roof of the old "lean-to" that winter morning, that she was quite enconscious of the compliment to her sex which inhered in her brother's speech.

"The trouble is inside: it's a mind disease, you know"—unconsciously again quoting Macbeth—"and we can't reach that."

"That's so," said Darley; and again the brother and sister stared, frightened and helpless, at each other.

"Darley," said Prudy, as a sudden thought struck her, "are you sure he has done that to his father?" her words, you see, shooting away from their awful meaning.

"He mid so, over and over, on the way home. O Frudy!" bursting right out, "you don't know, sobody ever can what an awful time I had this morning to get him here. I had to drag him sometimes by main force. I never should have believed I was so strong; and he'd have broken away again and again, if he had had the strength."

"Poor fellow?" with another shudder. "But,

Darley, there may be a chance, after all, that his father is alive."

"O-h Prudy! what makes you think so? He would scream out every little while, coming home, that he heard his father cry out, and saw him fall."

But Prudy could see that Darley caught, with trembling eagerness, at a hope which had never crossed his own mind.

"The first thing to do," said Prudy—now fully aroused to the course of action which the circumstances demanded—" is to go out and learn the truth. Everybody will be full of it by this time, and be ready enough to talk it over with you. You must get right off, Darley. We'll take care of him; md—stop just one moment—you must get this cup of tea down; and if you could eat a mouthful."

"I can't—not one," answered Darley, seising the cup with trembling fingers and gulping down the contents. "O Prudy, if it should be true, after all, that his father is not dead! It is so wonderful you thought of that!"

"I don't dare to hope," said Prudy, sobbing again; "but my heart will keep praying to God. If the worst is true, he will not live through the day."

"And in the other case, we shall every one die of joy, I do believe," answered Darley, hurrying on his old coat. "And Prudy, keep the front door locked and the curtains down; and if anybody comes, don't let them in for your life. Not a living soul knows he's under our roof."

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"And not a soul will be likely to come for us," said Prudy. "If there should, I'll send them round to the back door."

Then Prudy hurried one way and Darley another. The whole talk had not occupied more than three minutes, but it seemed to Cherry, keeping her scared watch faithfully, as she had promised, by the ashen face on the founce, much more like three hours.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

s weapon with which to bon down the

Darley's thumb on the front door. He had been gone something over an hour.

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"Cherry, you go," said Prudy. There was such an awful fear, such a mighty hope at the older girl's heart, that she could not drag herself to her feet.

As the bolt flow back, Darley runhed past and upset Cherry, and bounded into the room. "Foreyth," he shouted, "your father's allve! your father's allve!"

Ramsey Forsyth sprang into the middle o

the room. Not until the trump of the archangel shall thunder into his last sleep will any sound awake his soul like those words.

He had lain with his cold ashen face hardly stirring through all this time of Darley's absence, while the girls had kept their watch, for the most part, silently. Prudy had not hinted to Cherry what tumult of hope and fear was going on in her own soul, and only God had known that.

The scene that followed in the "lean-to," that winter morning, with its pale sun hardly yet two hours high, was one that transcends

all the power of words.

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They, the four actors in it, were never very clear about the matter. Whenever, afterward, they tried to go over with the scene, they always choked and the words shook and trembled, and at the best one could only approach to some confused notion of what happened at the time.

You know how it is -- if you have ever been through any awful crisis of joys or sorrows-that these have been almost impossible

to live over in speech afterward.

The accounts all agreed in this, however, that the little people sobbed and wrung their hands for awful joy, and that Ramsey Forsyth held Darley with the grasp of ten giants, and made him go over and over with the words, and that Darley forgot his story and could not talk straight, and actually went down in a great bellow, and that Prudy dropped right on her knees in the middle of the floor, and sobbed out, "I knew you wouldn't let him die, dear God; I knew you wouldn't."

As for Cherry, that shy little maiden found herself with her arms around Ramsey's neck, saying, "They won't hang you now-oh, they wont!"

The first thing which brought the group a little to their senses, was the condition of Ramsey. Indeed, if he had not had the forces of youth on his side, I do not believe the boy could have lived through the awful shock of joy which came suddenly on all the agony he had undergone since midnight; and an older head than Darley's would have taken care to break the good news less abruptly.

When the strong grasp slid away from Darley, and the youth lay, limp and helpless, on the floor, with the dreadful whiteness about his mouth and the dreadful joy in his eyes, the others were frightened into comparative

calmness.

They got him on the lounge again, and

once there, and actually incapable of articulating a loud word, he turned to Darley, with his white lips and pleading eyes, and whispered: "Say it again; say it again."

"He's alive. I swear it - he's alive!"

shouted Darley.

Then the soft, sweet, shaken voice of Prudy came up into the excitement. "There, now, we must all be very quiet and listen; and you must be a man, Darley, and tell us all you

Darley did, getting through with it-as he said afterward - without many blunders, or

much blundering.

He had gone straight to the fountain head, that morning, which proved to be Ketcham's butcher stall-any news stirring about Thornley being pretty certain of eager entertainment in that vicinity.

Ketcham was unusally well primed on this occasion; for the butcher's child having broken an arm the day before, the man had seen the surgeon who had attended over night on

Forsyth.

Ketcham detailed the facts, with his knife in one hand and a quarter of beef on the table before him, to a greedy crowd; but no one hung upon his words for life or death like the freckle-faced, light-haired newsboy, with his cap drawn down close to his glittering eyes, whom nobody noticed.

The story which the butcher detailed to his gaping audience amounted substantially to

this:

Foreyth had, during his youth, an occasional attack of somnambulism. He had not, however, for years developed anything of the sort; and it was a very singular coincidence that he should have arisen from his bed in his sleep and confronted his son on the night of the robberv.

Ramsey's voice had, however, partially awakened his father, and the man had heard the report of the pistol and the dreadful words which followed, before he sank upon the floor. The household was roused by the noise, and the servants had rushed to the back room, where Forsyth was discovered lying, shot, on the floor.

A terrible scene ensued. The rifled chest, the rolls of money lying around, gave, at first, the impression that robbers had entered the house; and while some searched the premises, others rode post haste for a surgeon.

Before the doctor arrived, however, the man had partially recovered, and his first words muttered, when he was hardly conscious, were a call on Ramsey, whom he called his murderer.

Poor Cressy! she was kneeling over her father, in her night-dress, wringing her hands and sobbing, when she heard those words. She stood right up, then, and looked at Proctor with a face that seemed frozen into a dead

Poor Cremy! she did not cry any more that night, but went about with the awful look in

her eyes.

Proctor heard, with everybody else, his father's words, . The boy seemed like one dazed, or in a dream, after that, hardly hearing or understanding when the gervants spoke to

The ball had entered just above the claviele. It had made an ugly wound, but not one that would prove mortal. Before morning the sur-

goon had extracted the ball.

Of course, Ramsey's flight was at once discovered, and this fact only substantiated his guilt in the eyes of the household; yet it was not until after daylight that it began to be whispered in Thornley that young Forsyth the night before had attempted to rob his father, then shot him and fled.

Even then, as the only witness was the wounded man himself, for whom the surgeon commanded absolute quiet, no immediate measures were taken for young Foreyth's arrest; indeed, Thornley itself was half stunned by the dreadful tidings, and it was in most quarters taken for granted that the youth had made his escape, and id gried had div

In any case, the last place where anyhody would have thought of searching for him was the old "lean-to," where Darley Hanes was repeating the butcher's story to Ramsey Forsyth.

When it was through, Cherry was the first who broke out; "Oh, I'm so glad that Darley didn't let you drown! I'm so glad!"

Ramsey's ayes, had not once moved from Darley's face while he was talking. At these words he burst right out into a storm of crying and sobbing, which, they said afterward, lasted for hours, But it is my opinion that they had very confused notions of time throughout that day-beside, the crying was not all on Ramsey's side,

At last Prudy brought the ten again. He drained the cup with feverish eagerness, and then-it was no wonder, after that long agony that over-taxed coul and body had given way-Ramsey Forsyth fell into a heavy alumber, and his face, with the red glow of the firelight

upon it, hardly looked like the face of Ramsey Forsyth, so old and white had it grown.

But for Darley there was the old daily heat, with the Morning News, round Thornley Common and Merchants' Block, and, hard as it seemed, it was better, perhaps, for the boy, that he could have the blessed out-door life and the steady work, to make clear his brain and prompt and strong his thoughts for what was to come. (To be continued.) I had had The wrone that all the the "lean to."

### LET IN THE SUNLIGHT.

WE wish the importance of admitting the light of the sun, freely, as well as building these early and late fires, could be properly impressed upon our housekeepers. No article of furniture should ever be brought to our homes too good or too delicate for the sun to see all day long. His presence should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright smalight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol, when inconveniently intense. A sun bath is of far more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, sunlight, and homes kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is a wellestablished fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight, - Christian Union.

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## SUMMER EVENING .- A SONNET.

The first charge of E. S. SER. Men and (See Engraving.)

THE summer day draws to a close, the west Shines with the giary of the setting sun; The weary laborer, his toiling done, Slow plods his lonely way to home and rest; The kine, no more by noon-day heat oppressed,

With tinkling bells come loitering, one by one: The lark, down-dropping from the clouds, has gone

To find his mate within her grassy nest. The river through the vale goes silent by, With purple depths, and ripples giancing bright;

With whispering sounds the gentle west winds fly, Touching each tree and flower with kisses light; The flocks upon the hill-side quiet lie,

Glad of the hour, and waiting for the night,

# as these mentioned in the New Telegraph OF GALLEE, as those where year by year, by an areans uncommon; and Halle of Galle of home where year by year.

THE following graphic description of the Sea of Galilee we find in a recently published volume, entitled, "The Recovery of Jerusalem," by Captain C. W. Wilson, R. E.:

PANSIES. "FOR THOUGHTS."

"With the exception of Jerusalem, there is no place in Palestine which excites deeper interest than that lake district in which our Lord passed so large a portion of the last three years of His life, and in which He performed so many of His mighty works. "What is the Sea of Galilee like?" is one of the first questions a traveller is asked on his return from the Holy Land; and a question which he finds it extremely difficult to answer satisfactorily. Some authors describe its beauties in glowing terms, whilst others assert that the accnery is tame and uninteresting—neither, perhaps, quite correctly, though representing the impressions produced at the time on the writer's mind.

"There are, it is true, no pine-clad hills rising from the very head of the lake; no bold headlands brenk the outline of its shores; and no lofty precipices throw their shadows over its waters; but it has, nevertheless, a beauty of its own which would always make it remarkable. The hills, except at Khan Minyeh, where there is a small cliff, are recessed from the shore of the lake, or rise gradually from it; they are of no great elevation, and their outline, especially on the emtern aide, is not broken by any prominent peak; but everywhere from the southern end the snow-capped peak of Hermon is visible, standing out so sharp and clear in the bright sky, that it appears almost within reach, and, toward the north, the western ridge is cut through by a wild gorge, 'the Valley of Doven,' over which rise the twin peaks or horns of Hattin. The shore line, for the most part regular, is broken on the north into a series of little bays of exquisite beauty; nowhere more beautiful than at Gennesareth, where the beaches, pearly white with myriads of minute shells, are on one side washed by the limpid waters of the lake, and on the other shut in by a fringe of oleanders, rich in May with their 'blossoms red and bright.'

"The surrounding hills are of a uniform brown color, and would be monotonous were it not for the ever-changing lights and the brillight tints at sunrise and sunset. It is, however, under the pale light of a full moon that the lake is seen to the greatest advantage, for

rains of Gamals on the eastern hills, there is then a softness in the outlines, a calm on the water in which the stars are so brightly mirrored, and a perfect quiet in all around which harmonize well with the feelings which cannot fail to arise on its shores. It is, perhaps, difficult to realize that the horders of this lake, now so silent and desolate, were once enlivened by the busy hum of towns and villages, and that on its waters hostile navies contended for supremncy. But there is one feature which must strike every visitor, and that is the harmony of the Gospel narrative with the places which it describes; giving us, as M. Renan happily expresses it, 'wa emquieme enangile, lacere, mais lisible encore, tu fifth Gospel, torn but still legible,)

ing and evening breeze. Sudden storms, such

opportunity of watching one of them from the

"The lake is pear-shaped, the broad end being toward the north; the greatest width is six and three-quarter miles from Mejdel (Magdala) to Khersa (Gergess), about one-third of the way down, and the extreme length is twolve and a quarter miles. The Jordan enters at the north, a swift muddy stream coloring the lake a good mile from its mouth, and passes out pure and bright at the south. On the northwestern shore of the lake is a plain two and a half miles long and one mile broad, called by the Bedawin El Ghaveir, but better known by its familiar Rible name of Gennesareth; and on the northeast, near Jordan's mouth, is a swampy plain, El Batihah, now much frequented by wild boar, formerly the scene of a skirmish between the Jews and Romans, in which Josephus, met with an accident that necessitated his removal to Capernaum. On the west there is a recess in the hills, containing the town of Tiberies; and on the east, at the mouths of Wadys Semakh and Fik, are small tracts of lavel ground. On the south, the fine open valley of the Jordan stretches away toward the Dend Sea, and is covered in the neighborhood of the lake with luxuriant grass,

"The water of the lake is bright, clear, and awest to the tasts, except in the neighborhood of the salt springs, and where it is defiled by the drainage of Tiberias. Its level, which varies considerably at different times of the year, is between aix hundred and seven hundred feet below that of the Mediterranean, a peculiarity to which the district owes its genial winter climats. In summer the heat is great, but never excessive, as there is usually a morn-

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ing and evening breeze. Sudden storms, such as those mentioned in the New Testament, are by no means uncommon; and I had a good opportunity of watching one of them from the ruins of Gamala on the eastern hills. The morning was delightful; a gentle easterly breeze, and not a cloud in the sky to give warning of what was coming. Saddenly, about midday, there was a sound of distant thunder, and a small cloud, 'no bigger than a musi's hand, was seen rising over the heights of Lubieh, to the west. In a few moments the . cloud began to spread, and heavy black masses came rolling down the hills toward the lake, completely obscuring Tabor and Hattin. At this moment the breeze died away, there were a few minutes of perfect calm, during which the sun shone out with intense power, and the surface of the lake was smooth and even as a mirror. Tiberias, Mejdel, and other buildings, stood out in sharp relief from the gloom behind; but they were soon lost sight of, as the thunder-gust swept past them, and, rapidly advancing across the lake, lifted the placid water into a bright sheet of foam; in another moment it reached the ruins, driving myself and companion to take refuge in a cistern, where, for nearly an hour, we were confined, listening to the rattling peals of thunder and torrents of rain. The effect of half the lake in perfect rest, whilst the other half was in wild confusion, was extremely grand; it would have fared badly with any light craft caught in midlake by the storm; and we could not help thinking of that memorable occasion on which the storm is so graphically described as 'coming down' upon the lake.

"The Sea of Galilee now, as in the days of our Saviour, is well stocked with various species of fish, some of excellent flavor. One specles often appears in dense masses, which blacken the surface of the water, the individual fish being packed so closely together that on one occasion a single shot from a revolver killed three. These shoals were most frequently seen near the shore of Gennesareth; perhaps not far from that place where the disciples let down their net into the sea, and 'enclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their net brake," " it enadw bane, sparings the out to

Ir is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should be love ten thousand men who never loved one? - Pope.

the drainage of Titorates Its level, which

HE who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence,- Lavater.

#### PANSIES. "FOR THOUGHTS."

BY MRS. E. N. CONKLIN. OR thoughts of home, where, year by year, The pansies purple every nook; And when November winds grow drear Still smiling from their coverts look! For thoughts of little hands that grasped So eagerly the blossoms sweet! That now o'er quiet hearts are clasped, While paneles bloom at houd and feet. "

For thoughts of many a vanished May, And many a rosy, fragrant June; With bud and bloom on every spray, And robins singing all in tune. While, from the spring's first sunny smile To sutumn's latest golden glow, The pansies blossomed all the while, Till hidden 'neath the earliest snow.

mine which excites deeper in-

For thoughts of those who gave me flowers, With whispered words, still unforgot! And happy dresms of youthful hours That blessed us long, and banned us not! O youth! O love! O days of yore in landing That passed and never come again! For your sakes are the pansies more Than all the gayer floral train.

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### Mayoull BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

WISH, where grasses grow and mosses blow, And, overhead, the long, low elm-boughs wave, Casting cool shudows over levelling grave, I could be lying low, and slumber so.

I wish I could not hear the thrush-calls clear, Breaking atbrough the silence of the morn, Nor see the blackbird poising o'er the corn, Nor hear the waters flow or breezes blow.

For I am never glad, but tired, sad, Am utterly despairing all the day And dusk of night; nor can I work, nor pray; Can only bow my head and wish me dead.

Where haleyon noontide shines athrough the pines,

And drops on beds of amarinthine bloom, Or lichen-graven stones that mark each tomb, When slow winds pass down the scarce-shaken grass, ablaited band beight.

And some lone one, whose life is almost done, Sits, like me, looking o'er the field of death, I yearn to rest. There heart-throbs quick, nor breath,

Nor hollow joys, nor pain, can ever trouble me again.

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Me drave lurriedly bone, having serves which we were to make a servely noticed the young girl before thus to dress for dianer, which we were to make young productions and the servely noticed the young girl before

"I cannot endure the sight of that woman; and she always appears, when we drive this way, for my especial torment. I do believe deformity of any kind is hateful to me," pettishly exclaimed my beautiful Cousin Agnes, as she, shuddering, drew her costly furs closer about her white throat.

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It was early spring time, and the air was chilly, although the sky was cloudless, and of that deep lovely asure so grateful to the eye. The shrill notes of a flock of blackbirds sounded from a field near by, and the bluebirds were telling us merrily of the pleasant happy days, in which they were to share with their Heavenappointed work.

My frame of mind, that morning, was most comfortable, and my surroundings delightfully luxurious, but my dream was rudely broken, as I glanced from Agnes's frown of discontent to the pitiable object which aroused her feeling, thinking, as I did so, "Who hath made us to differ?"

We were driving through a by street, quite in the suburbs of the large city, near which my cousin's elegant home was situated. Little common frame houses of two or three rooms each lined the way, varied here and there by a more pretentious building. These last mentioned having seen better days and done their duty in a higher locality, were drawn thither to serve as shelters for swarms of immortal souls, from which to launch their barks upon the troubled sea of life.

The woman was deformed and bowed together, but raised herself as the carriage passed to cast a glance toward it.

Her face told of sufferings the most intense. It was woful to look upon, but nothing evil was written there; anguish and want, but not vice or passion; sickness and sorrow, but not crime or sin.

She had once been fair, but now was only deathly pale; her deep blue eyes were sunken and unnaturally large; the silken abundance of her long yellow hair was drawn emoothly back from her forehead, showing the sharp outlines of her face and the high hollow cheeks. All this only told of starvation of body; the soul looked out clear and pure, untouched by deformity.

Our natures, we are told, are twofold, and that which was just now uppermost with me abjured work and loved ease and quiet. I was enjoying a few weeks' rest from my labors as teacher in a seminary in a distant State, and the elegance, the luxury of my cousin's home was most grateful to me.

even of the most fashiousble church and minister in those gratle ellewy tones; but above

The other side of the picture gave me, in contrast, the early bell, the thrumming of scales and unmelodious exercises, with all the drudgery of instructing the careless and flippant. Then again, when there at my task, the other nature worked with enthusiasm, building up bright dastles for the future, and hoping with all strength and might that the seed sown might produce harvest an hundred fold.

During our drive the face of this woman haunted me, her bowed, misshapen shoulders, her shrunken limbs, and all the gaunt outtines of her figure showing so plainly through the meagre drapery which barely covered them.

Two children, pretty and rosy, clung to her skirts; but in spite of their poverty, the neatness with which their poor little garments were arranged proclaimed a mother's loving care. I formed my determination to learn somewhat of her history, and, if possible, in some way soften the hardness of her lot.

We prolonged our morning tour until late, making several calls, during which Cousin Agues was all affability. Nothing more occurred to jar upon her sensitive tastes; the rose leaf was without a wrinkle.

Each house was large and costly, each parlor resplendent with mirrors and lace, velvet and resewood; lovely paintings covered the walls, a summer-like warmth pervaded them; delicious hothouse flowers shed their fragrance like incense around and above us; the mellow softened light fell through plate-glass, shaded by rich draperies; and the subdated voices were trained not to offend or break the charm by one discord.

I looked on as in a dream. Not being obliged to take any prominent part in the conversation, I could listen and (pardon me) learn. I heard of the newest spring styles; of the latest bit of scandal; of the plans for the summer campaign;

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even of the most fashionable church and minister in those gentle, silvery tones; but above all rang in my ears, "deformity of any kind is hateful to me."

We drove hurriedly home, having scarcely time to dress for dinner, which we were to take quite alone on that day, my host being away for several days on business, and no company at the house, reagn won business, and no company

My toilet being soon made, I sat down in my room, which was adjoining that of my cousin, to await her; and began, after an old fashion of my own, to dream wide awake. I had not wandered far into the roalms of fancy, however, when I was recalled by loud and angry tones; and the communicating door being ajar, I heard Agnes speaking with such aharpness and evident excitement that I involuntarily started to my feet to go to her room. The next sentence fell upon my ear with perfect distinctness, and warned me that my interference was not required.

"And pray what is gonr opinion worth in the matter? It is not needed. What I choose, that I shall do. You are nothing but a dependent, an unsalaried servant. You eat of my bread, and live here on sufferance. This is my honce, and I am my own mistress, and yours as well."

Could that be my cousin's gentle, lady-like voice? I had seen little of her during the past few years, and remembered her as a somewhat spoiled child when we played together in my own happy home.

In those dear old days, when I was blossed with a father's and a mother's loving care, my heart was too light to dwell much upon the little selfish ways of others.

As my guest, abe was, of course, given the first share of my pleasures, and monopolized my toys, riding and driving my dear little pony without stint. Then she was the recipient, and I the giver. But reverses came, and for a time we almost lost eight of each other.

She had drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery—not morely a liberal banker, to cash all checks at sight, but a just and God-fearing man.

Leoftly closed the door, and hurried down stairs. As I crossed the hall, I encountered Berths, the half companion, half lady's maid of Agnes, and involuntarily cast a scrutinizing glance at her troubled face.

She flushed under my curious look, and my heart smote me for my impertinence. She looked so pale, so sad, so utterly forlorn, I gave her a kind word of greeting, and noticing some vases in her hand, which shook like an aspen leaf under the light burden, I held out my hand to take them from her; but with courteous thanks she refused my aid, and passed on to the dining-room.

I had scarcely noticed the young girl before during the few days since my arrival. Agnes had kept her employed in her own room, and I had seen but little of her. Now my interest was keenly aroused.

Could my consin be truly so hard, so unfeeling and arrogant, with such refined tastes, such sensitive nerves, such a delicate organization? Had she no pity—could she so trample upon the unfortunate and homeless, so bruise the broken reed?

My mind was sorely disturbed; I could no longer feel the charm of the bright apring day; a hateful cloud seemed brooding over the beauty around me; I was chilled.

My cousin came in presently as radiant as ever; and as I looked in her smiling face, and listened to her musical voice, I almost thought myself dechived. Could she assume two characters so distinct—so at variance with each other? Only one could be truly hers; and which was it—the lovely and loving, or the malignant and unloving?

Deformity was hateful to her; but what deformity like uncurbed passion, wilfully wounding the hearts of others and mocking at their misfortunes?

Philip Gordon, Agnes's husband, was many years older than herself, and had speat the early part of his life in one of our largest cities, where he had accumulated most of the wealth which she now enjoyed so laviably.

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One day while passing a narrow alley, as he was returning to his hotel, his attention was attracted by the cries and sobbing of a little one in great distress. He followed the sounds into a wretched basement, whose door stood open, and found a pretty child of five years clinging to the neck of its dead mother, and crying with fright, cold, and hunger.

The aspect of the place was desolate, as only poverty and want can make anything. With so forniture, no fuel, no food, only a little straw and a few rags, upon which lay the corpse of the unfortunate woman whose soul had just left its frail tenement and gone home-home to that Heavenly Father who gathers all those who are His in the fold at last—but, oh, by what dark and devious ways, to our abdarkened vision!

Over the emaciated face brooded an expres-

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sion of perfect peace; an almost saintly halo seemed to encircle the pure white brow; an a last ray of the setting sun, struggling in at the low window, played about it non add between

The little one was stilled by the entrance of the stranger, who took her up in his arms, and with coaxing words endeavored to discover somewhat of the child and her mother. She would only reply! " Bertha is so hungry; mamma has stept all day and won't speak to

Philip carried her up stairs, telling her she should have food; and rousing some of the inmater above, asked of them information regarding his charge. But none knew or cared. The unfortunate woman had been there but a few weeks, and whence she came or how she lived no one bad discovered.

The child clung to Philip with the confiding trust of innocence, and his resolution was rapidly taken. Seeking out the proper authorities, he left means sufficient for the decent burial of the mother, and took the little orphan to his hotel, where she was kindly cared for by the wife of the proprietor. That night he carried his acquisition to the country home of his mother, begging her to be tender and pitiful to the little waif so strangely thrown into his keeping.

Years afterward, when the sober, middlesged man of business became a captive to Agnes's pretty face, and made her his wife, Bertha shared his home,"

She was never gay and gladsome, like other young creatures. The shadow of her infancy seemed never to have lifted from her spirit. Gentle and unobtrusive as she was, however, Agnes considered her an intruder, and was angrily jealous of the kind, fatherly interest Philip always manifested in his ward.

Bertha's lips uttered no complaint, although hands, feet, and head ached with the unceasing demands made upon their strength; therefore her protector supposed her happy, or at least contented. A woman's eye would have read the signs more accorately; but this busy merchant saw nothing amiss.

These scant outlines of Bertha's history were given me by an old domestic who had served Mrs. Gordon, senior, and after she was laid to rest found a place in the household of the son.

This act of kindness was another thorn in the side of the selfish woman. She told me one day with an expression of intense disgust: "Philip should found a charity hospital; his tastes are decidedly vulgar. For my part, I think when the poor have outlived their uses fulness, there are ! Homes' and 'Hospitalish enough, where they are much better off than in a gentleman's familyou Indislike being brought in contact with the old and decrepid," Old Esther was keen-eyed, and know she was

not welcome to the mistress of the house; but she was far from decrepid, and many a hard task was performed by her/ not to save the bits of soft, lily fingers, but for dear Master Philip's sake, God bless him!" now nood I and

"O Miss Mary," she would exclaim to me, "it is little you ken of that man's goodness : for all he says so little, his heart is soft to all suffering. I weel remember the night when he brought Miss Bertha, the little yellowheaded lassie, up the road from the landing in bis arms. He is just like his mother, so good to the miserable; every lame body, and all that are daft or innocent like, are sacred to him. I mind me of one of his ways when he was a slip. of a boy: He had a little old pony that got worthless. He gave it its own pasture, and a nook by itself in the stable, lest it might get harmed by other and stronger horses, and never failed when he came home to treat the puir beast to the bit of bread or apple from his own hand. 'Jennie was fuithful to me, mother: and nothing shall want for kindness, however old, that I have loved, he would say."

and will do nothing for us white I stay w My visit was drawing to a termination, and although I could not say that Agnes had been lacking in kindness to me personally, yet I was going away with a saddened, disappointed feeling at my heart to many flaws in the diamond, and the setting so nearly perfect.

There was to be a little evening gathering at the house, principally for my sake. I got out my one pretty dress for such an occasion-the stereotyped white-not of the model plainness required by novel writers for all governesses, but, on the contrary, with plenty of frills and flounces, which required a skilful hand to do up nicely. In my emergency I applied to Esther to direct me, no part gainwood at

"Yes, Miss Mary, I surely know one who can help you. Maybe you've seen her the puir deformed body in Orofton Lane, but that nice and handy you would hardly believe it to look at her. She will do your dress for you till it will look like new again."

"Then you know that poor creature!" I exclaimed. "She has interested me greatly, and I shall be glad of an excuse to go to her."

"Yes, indeed I know her, and of her blessed patience and truth. When you talk with her you will be more interested, and maybe she will tell you some of her life."

I went to the house, and was astonished at the exquisite neatness of the two poor rooms in which the family of four lived.

My dress was beautifully freshened and fluted by her skilful fingers, and I enjoyed several pleasant talks, while the work was in progress, with Mrs. Scott, which was her name! She was shy to talk of herself at first, but I soon won her children to my side, and the mother's heart was not long in following.

One day observing a very handsome gold cross and locket in a box she was opening, I remarked, "You have seen better days,"

"Oh, yes; and worse ones, too," she roplied, with a kindling eye and flushed cheek. 14 My own father was well off in the old country, and he gave me these on my eighteenth birthday. I save them for my girls, I was not always poor, but since those days I have known want and misery enough. Now we are quite comfortable, and when John gets strong once more we will prosper again, thank God, and be happy-although, indeed ma'am, I am happy now; he is so kind and good,"

"Do your parents not assist you-or are

they not living?" I asked.

"They are alive, and my oldest child is with them; but they never liked my husband, and will do nothing for us while I stay with him. They would take us all home, but you know I cannot leave John. I love him, and my heart would find no rest.

-14 I have endured worse poverty than this with and for him, and would do it again if need be, but it will not come he is a good man, and will prosper now," giving me a curious side glance as she spoke, as if half-defiant and jealous lest I might think John was in some

way at fault.

I could not but notice the look, and wonder what it covered all aller

"You have been very sick, have you not?" said I, giving my attention to a beautiful box of violets blooming just outside the window.

"Once for some months after I had fallen down a flight of steps, that brought this round shoulder which you see I hurt my back, and it was a long, long weary time before I could walk or even stand, and dear John used to carry me in his arms up and down, and watch over me as you would a sick child. He never was impatient or cross, once. I would not leave him for all the comforts we would get at home. Poverty is not as bad to us as separation. It is worse for the heart to be hungry

than the stomach. God be thanked, I am a happy woman!"

"Yes, indeed, she is," said Esther, when I repeated the conversation to her. "She has been John's salvation. She married him against the will of her parents. He was poor and they had an entirely different choice for her-a man with lands and money, but she cared nothing for him. They would not give her their blessing, and hardened themselves against her even while grudgingly consenting at the last. They sent for and took her oldest child, when she was so ill none thought she could live a day. John might well be patient with her, then; for it was through his wickedness she was crippled for life,

"He was out of work and disheartened, and got unsteady. She used to follow him, to coax him home. One night, maddened by liquer, he struck her a heavy blow, and she fell down a long flight of stone steps and was taken up for dead. The sight of his work sobered him effectually. From that hour he has never touched spirits. He watched over her uncessingly, and she recovered; but she never blamed him by one word, or will allow any one else to do so. It was an accident she says. Her only words are of praise and thanksgiving, He is a good workman, and is fast recovering the ground lost by those months of dissipation. They will yet be well off. Agnes Scott is a true, Christian woman, and her patient, forgiving love will yet win the man to the true faith. I am glad you found her out and talked with her; deformed as she is to look at, she is a jewel."

"Yes," thought I within my heart, "she is a jewel beyond price; and what if the casket is unsightly-what matters it, when the soul is

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so pure and sweet."

Those who dwell near to God, the source of all beauty and holiness, can never seem deformed. The blight of poverty and want cannot destroy them; scorn and sneers signify naught to them; they rejoice in the "peace which passeth all understanding," and which the "world can neither give nor take away."

THE great happiness of life, I find, after all, to consist in the regular discharge of some mechanical duty.-Schiller,

PREJUDICE and self sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.-Addison,

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SPRING, SUMMER, AND AUTUMN. (See Engraving.)

y out of the room, and first offer him

OLD age is the autumn of life, and there is no reason why it should not be as quiet, as vestful, and as rich in good fruits as the autumn of nature. That it is not so, is man's own fault.

The picture we give this month—"Sparse, Summer, Arn Autumn"—is one too rarely seen in roal life. It is the exception and not the rule, Why is it not the rule instead of the exception? Reader, take this question to your heart and ponder it well.

Are you a poor young man just starting in the world? Have you a wife and fittle children? Does the daily bread come from daily toil, and the week's carnings barely suffice for the week's needs? Do you feel discouraged sometimes? Does the future look dark? Though it is yet in the spring time of your life, are the flowers growing scarce and losing their beauty and sweetness?

I hear the sigh that answers my question. Let us talk together for a little while. Let us consider the case as it stands. What a man sows, that shall be also reap. If you put a thintie-seed into the ground, you do not expect a radish; nor do you look for a rose-bush where you had set out a bramble. Every set of your life in its spring time is but the sowing of seed, and in the autumn of your days the harvest will be according to the seed—for moral laws are as unerring in their operation as natural laws. What a man sows that shall he slaw reap; sweet and neurishing fruit if he has sown good seed—bliers and thorns if he has sown evil seed.

Turn over and look again at the picture-at that fine-faced old man; at his daughter and grandchild. It is autumn with him, but a cheerful, restful, happy autumn. He sowed in his field the seeds of industry, economy, temperance, honesty, and trust in God; and now he enjoys the harvest of his fields. Just so it may be with you. But there will have to be some, nay, much selfdenial. If you are fond of a glass of beer or spirits, you will have to give up that dangerous and costly self-indulgence; if you do not, it will waste your little substance, disease your body, disorder your mind, weaken your self-control, and give you briers and thorns instead of golden harvests in autumn. If you are given to idleness, taking a day, maybe two, each week from labor; or too wasteful spending, you cannot hope for ease and comfort in your old age. And remember, that old age surely comes to all. No matter how fresh and strong and young you feel to-day, life's sutumn will find you at last, and as you have sown so will you reap.

Look around you and see the old men that meet your eyes at every turn. Do you wish your lot at sixty, or seventy, or eighty, to be like too many of theirs? I think not. As they have sown, so are they reaping.

Begin right, and you will, if you continue in the way you begin, come out right; and all your way through life will be pleasanter than if you began wrong. Self-indulgence only brings a momentary satisfaction, while it always gives hours of disquietude or pain; while denial of appetite, a weak love of case, or a spirit of wastefulness or extravagance, always brings peace of mind and true enjoyment.

Young men, just beginning life, oh! see to it as you value your own best interests, and the best interests of all who are dear to you, that you sow your fields with the seeds of industry, temperance, honesty, and trust in God, and your autumn will be truitful and full of happiness and peace.

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AYS Robert Collyer: Is it not possible for a man and a woman to make sure when they marry that they are to be true busband and wife at the cost of the usual pains and penalties that will always insist on their own payment, and ought never to be thought unreasonable? Is it not possible to make this natural and beautiful law of our life almost universal, that for the man there is a woman, and for the woman a man, who will be a true counterpart? and that they shall know it, or else know they can never marry, because, with that, the liceuse and minister's blessing are the merest farce that ever was acted. I cannot but believe there is such a safeguard-a true light that lighteth every man who will follow it-about this, as there is about truth, and honesty, and justice, and honor. I believe one can hardly make a mistake, except we insist on doing it, about this most essential thing in our whole career. When marriage brings misery, as a rule, it is not by providence, but by improvidence, and we suffer in that for our sin very often in something else.

And I would venture to name this, as the first reason why troubles come that never can be fairly met, and very worthy men and women get so badly mismated—that the whole habit now of young people, as they see each other with any thoughts of ever being husband and wife, is the habit of semi-deception. They set themselves to deceive the very elect, by always putting on an appearance, when they are in each other's company, that is no more true to their nature than the noble uncle is true they see on the stage, who flings his thousands about as if his banker's balance was a splendid joke, (as it is,) and then goes home and serimps his wife and children of their barrest needs.

In the more simple life of the country, where marriages are made that generally turn out well, the man and woman know each other intimately.

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They go to school, and singing school, and applebees, and huskings, together. The man knows the woman's butter, and bread, and pies by much experience; and the woman the man's furrow, and swath, and seat on horseback; and as for temper, have they not fallen out and made up ever since

But in time we rise in life, and move from the farm into the city, exchange the kitchen for the drawing-room, linsey-woolsey for silk, and blue jean for broadcloth. The young gentleman comes in his Sunday best, and takes the young lady to the concert; walks home with her from church and stays to tea; admires her touch on the piano, and her opinion of Mrs. Browning; and she his superior air, and whatever beside may take her fancy, including, very often, his report of the money he makes, and can make; and that is really all they know of each other and that is less than nothing, and vanity. God forgive them! It is a game of cards, in which it is of the first importance to both not to reveal their hands; but the revelation is made at last, and they find that both intended to cheat, and did what they intended.

Of all the things needed now to make a true and happy marriage, it seems to me that honesty, reality, and sweet and simple intimacy, are the first. There is a conventional prudery about our young people which must be as bad as it can be. If the young woman is making broad when the bell rings, and the servant says it is Mr. Cypher, there is a rush to the dressing-room to put on a silk and a simper; and Mr. Cypher probably smells of cloves, I tell you this is wicked and false. I wonder things are not to the as near are. Young mon and women must come as near with each other before they marry which they must come to after, or they have no right to expect good to some of their evil. "Young women make nots instead of cages," Dean Swift said, If he had not been an ingrained villian in his relations to wemen, he would have added, "and young It is bad on both sides. men do that also. of the greatest evils, leading to the greatest of all, is this total want of frankness and honesty each to the other, in those that must one day be one.

### 1 1100 9 9 (00 or and 1 THE PILLOW FIGHT.

MOMENTARY bull in the aquatic exercises was followed by the sudden appearance of pillows flying in all directions, hurled by white goblins, who came rioting out of their beds. The battle raged in several rooms, all down the upper hall, and even surged at intervals into the nursery, when some hard-pressed warrior took refuge there. No one seemed to mind this explosion in the least; no one forbade it, or even looked surprised. . Nursoy went on hanging up towels, and Mrs. Bhaer looked out clean clothes, as calmly as if the most perfect order reigned. Nay she even chased one daring boy out of the room, and fired after him the pillow he had slyly thrown at her.

"Won't they hurt 'em?" asked Nat, who lay

laughing with all his might.

"Oh, dear, no! we always allow one pillow-fight Saturday night. The cases are changed to-morrow; and it gets up a glow after the boys' baths; so I rather like it myself," said Mrs. Bhaer, busy again among her dozen pairs of socks.

What a very nice school this is!" observed

Nat, in a burst of admiration.

"It's an odd one," laughed Mrs. Bhaer; "but you see we don't believe in making children miserable by too many rules, and too much study. I forbade night-gown parties at first; but, bless you, it was of no use. I could no more keep those boys in their beds, than so many jacks in the box. So I made an agreement with them: I was to allow a fifteen-minute pillow fight every Saturday night; and they promised to go properly to bed every other night. I tried it, and it worked well. If they don't keep their word, no frolie; if they do, I just turn the glasses round, put the lamps in safe places, and let them rampage as much as they like.

"It's a beautiful plan," said Nat, feeling that he should like to join in the fray, but not venturing to propose it the first night. So he lay enjoying the spectacle, which certainly was a lively

Tommy Bangs led the assailing party, and Demi defended his own room with a dogged courage fine to see, collecting pillows behind him as fast as they were thrown, till the besiegers were out of ammunition, when they would charge upon him in a body and recover their arma. A few slight acoidents occurred, but nobody minded, and gave and took sounding thwacks with perfect good humor, while pillows flew like big snowflakes, till Mrs. Bhaer looked at her watch, and called out: "Time is up, boys. Into bed, every man Jack, or pay the forfeit!"

"What is the forfait?" asked Nat, sitting up in his cagerness to know what happened to those wretches who disobeyed this most peculiar, but

public-spirited schoolma'am.

"Lose their fun next time," narwered Mrs. Bhaer. "I give them five minutes to settle down, then put out the lights, and expect order. They are benerable lads, and keep their word."

That was evident, for the bettle ended as abruptly as it begun-a parting shot or two, a final cheer, as Demi fired the seventh pillow at the retiring foo, a few challanges for next time, then order prevailed; and nothing but an occasional giggle or a suppressed whisper broke the quiet which followed the Saturday-night frolic, as Mother Bhaer kissed her new boy, and left him to happy dreams of life at Plumfield .- From " Little Men," by Louisa M. Alootte to an attanton to Table

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FEW years ago, the Sewing Circle of Rev. A Mr. Eastman's church visited the Baldwin-Place Home for Little Wanderers, in Boston. They passed a pleasant afternoon, saw the little ones put to bed, and in the evening the gentlemen, the minister among the number, came in. Moving about among the older children, Mr. Eastman noticed a tall, and very beautiful girl, of refined and graceful manner; supposed she had come with the Sewing Circle, and was surprised that there should be one among his own people whom he did not recognize. After awhile he went to Mr. Toles, the superintendent, and inquired who she was.

To his astonishment he was answered thus: "That is one of our rescued children. Imagine a girl of fifteen, very tall for that age, with features ofiginally regular, but pinched by hunger and distorted by suffering; not a hair on her head; emaciated most dreadfully, and with a fever-sore on her hip; ragged, sick, orphaned-utterly homeless and friendless, wandering about the streets. Such was she when I found her. I brought her here. She was fed, clothed, and nursed. The fever-sore was finally sured by repeated applications of raw, scraped turnip. With care, kindness and physical comfort, hope, strength and health came to her. And you see what she is-a girl of unusual intelligence, as well as beauty."

That girl remained a year at the Home; then, with good habits and good principles, and what education could be imparted in a year's time to a willing and ready learner, went to a home in the West, where she has lived as a dearly loved daughter till this summer, when she becomes the wife of

s worthy young man in Hillsdale, Iowa.

What could have been her fate, but for the helping hand and pitying heart that found her in her distress-so young, so unprotected, and singularly beautiful? An artist, in Boston, who took her photograph, has sold a great number of copies as a fancy picture. It is the sustom of the institution to send a company of children (say forty or more), out west every year, and there find homes of adoption for them. When this girl went, s gentleman invited her to his house, (I think the ne who adopted her, but am not positive,) and on entering the parlor, her own picture on the wall was the first thing that met her eyes.

There is material enough in her strange story for an elaborate romance. Here you have the unvarnished facts of one case among thousands of what this Home, and others like it, are doing day

by day in our land.

Truly an angel's work; and where do we find se so replete with hope and encouragement? Missions of reform, and others, are good, inesmably good, and should be generously aided. But after all, what is the hope there, compared VOL. XXXVIII.-12.

with this? You take these little children, away from bad influences, from neglect, abuse, and physical wretchedness, and, with rarely an exception, with scarcely a limitation, you make them what you will! Surely, if the cup of cold water given in the name of Christ, to one of these little ones, shall not fail of reward, those who lift them, with tender hands, out of the pit, snatch them from certain destruction of body and soul, and put them, well trained, into happy homes, SAVED for time and eternity, are richly blessed in the deed.

Mr. Clapp, of Boston-a man whose clear, practical judgment is only equalled by his great, generous heart-told me recently that the longer he was connected with this work the more he felt its hopefulness, and was the more convinced of this fact: that there is not one child too many born in our land, but there are homes for them all, hearts wanting all-only they are misplaced. What this Home, and others like it, strives to do, is to bring the needy little ones to the homes and hearts that want them.

They who believe Christ's words, that what is done for these little ones is done unto Him, will gladly aid the Homes, esteeming it a privilegerather than a burden.

#### OCCUPATION.

WHAT a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters, that threaten to overwhelm you, with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-men.

THE one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. own invention or imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention .- Charles Dickens.

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### EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### MEHETABEL.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

MEHETABEL'S knitting lies loose in her hand; She watches the gold of a broken red brand That glitters and flashes, And falls into ashes.

The flame that illumines her face
From the cavernous, black fireplace,

Brings ever new wonders of color and shade.
To flicker about hor, and shimmer, and fade.

Does any one guess

Of this maid's loveliness,
That the lonesome and smoky old room seems to
bless?

Mehetabel's mother calls out of the gloom, From a clatter of shovel, and kettle, and broom.

From a clatter of shovel, and kettle, and broom, From her flurry and worry Of work-a-day hurry:

"Our Hetty sits there in a dream, With her needles half round to the seam; With nothing to vex her, and nothing to try her; But never will she set the river afire."

And back to the din Of iron and tin

One shadow flits out, while another steals in.

Mehetabel's lover through new-fallen snow So softly has come that the maid does not know

He is standing behind her
So happy to find her
Alone, that he hardly can speak
A whisper—a flush on her check

More lovely than sunset's reflection by far.
"O Hetty," he murmure, "the white evening star
And the beacon-lights swim

On the ocean's blue rim,
But I see your sweet eyes, and they make the stars
dim."

Mehetabel's wooer is stalwart and tall; His figure looms dark on the fiame-lighted wall.

Outside in pale shadow
Lie pasture and meadow;
Dim roselight is on the white bill;
The sea glimmers purple and chill.
"O Hetty, be mine for the calm and the storm;
Though cold be the wide world, my heart's love is warm.

Knit me into your dream, And my rude life will seem Like a beautiful landscape, in June's golden beam."

Mehetabel's forehead has gathered a cloud;
A thousand new thoughts to her young bosom

Her knitting drops lower;
No lover can show her
The way through her mind's lonely maze,
He reads no response in her gaze.;
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Her heart is a snow-drift where foot never trod; Love's sun has not wakened a bud on its sod; And pure as the glow

Of the stars on the snow

Are the glances that up through her long lashes go.

Mehetabel's future, an unexplored land, Spreads vaguely before her, unpeopled and grand,

Its wild paths wait lonely For her footsteps only;

She must weave out the web of her dream, Though flimsy and worthless it seem To her mother's eye, filled with the dust-motes of

eare,
Though it bar up her path from the heart that
beats there

In the gathering gloom,

Breathing odor and bloom

And sweet sense of life through the dusk of the

The sweet sense of the through the dask of the

Mehetabel's dream—you will guess it in vain; Only half to herself is unwound the bright skein. She is but a woman,

As gentle as human; Yet rooted in hearts fresh as hers Is the hope that the universe stirs;

And broad be her thought as life's measureless zone,

Or narrow as self is, it still is her own;

And alone she may dare

What she never would share With friendship the dearest, or love the most rare

Mchetabel's answer—it has not been told.

To ashes has fallen the firelight's red gold.

No mother, no lover,

For her, the world over.

The work a day jungle is still,

The empty house stands on the hill.

The rafters are cobwebbed, the ceiling is bara; But always a wraith haunts the carved oaken chair

And early and late
There's a creak at the gate,
And a wind through the room like a soft sigh
"Wait!"

Mehetabel—Hetty—the dream of a dream, The film of a snow-cloud, a star's broken beam,

Were a tangible story
To hers; but the glory
Of ages dims down to a spark,

And dies out at last in the dark, Among questions unanswered, unrealized dream Still the beautiful cheat of what may be and seem

Flashes up on night's brink,
Where the live embers blink,

And the tales that they mutter we dream that v think.

Atlantic Monthly.

### A SONG OF A NEST.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

THERE was once a nest in the willow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With buttercup-buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:
You shall never light in a sunnier quest,
The bushes among,
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wild-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah! happy, happy I;
Right dearly I loved them; but when they were
grown,
They spread out their wings to fly;
Oh, one after one, they flow away,
Kar up in the heaven's blue.

Oh, one after one, they flow away,
Far up in the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going, too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me—
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the West?
Can I call that home where I anchor not,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hopes have failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailer went,
And the land where my nestlings be—
There is the land where my thoughts are sent,
The only hope for me.

OUR BABY.

BY PREBE CAREY.

WHEN the morning, half in shadow,
Ran along the hill and meadow,
And with milk-white fingers parted
Crimson roses, golden hearted;
Opening over ruins hoary
Every purple morning-glory,
And outshaking from the bushes
Singing larks and pleasant thrushes;
That's the time our little baby,
Strayed from Paradise, it may be,
Came with eyes like Heaven above her:
Oh, we could not choose but love her!

Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing our reproving,
Ever lively, ever loving;
Starry eyes and sunset tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses,
Lips, that knew ne word of doubting,

Often kissing, never pouting; Beauty even in completeness, Overfull of childish sweetness; That's the way our little baby, Far too pure for earth, it may be, Seemed to us, who while about her Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow, Ran along the hill and meadow, And with milk-white fingers parted Crimson roses, golden hearted; Opening over ruins hoary Every purple morning-glory, And outshaking from the bushes Singing larks and pleasant thrushes; That's the time our little baby, Pining here for Heaven, it may be, Turning from our bitter weeping, Closed her eyes as when in sleeping, And her white hands on her bosom Folded like a summer blossom.

Now the litter she doth lie on,
Strewed with roses, bear to Zion;
Go, as past a pleasant meadow,
Through the valley of the shadow;
Take her softly, holy angels,
Past the ranks of God's evangels;
Past the saints and martyrs holy,
To the Earth Born, meek and lowly;
We would have our precious blossom
Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.

# "CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

LOWERS preach to us if we will hear: The rose saith in the dowy morn : I am most fair; Yet all my loveliness is born Upon a thorn. The poppy saith amid the corn: Let but my scarlet head appear And I am held in scorn; Yet juice of subtle virtue lies Within my cup of curious dyes. The lilies say: Behold how we Preach without words, of purity. The violets whisper from the shade Which their own leaves have made: Men scent our fragrance on the air, Yet take no heed Of humble lessons we would read.

But not alone the fairest flowers: The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and stardy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine, too,
To nourish one small seed.

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### HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### ON BROWN BREAD.

THE following is from the Christian Union. Its suggestions are worthy the attention of mothers, and all who have to do with the preparation of food for children.

Few people, perhaps, are aware, notwithstanding the deal written and said on the subject, how much a true vigorous manhood and womanhood depend upon the use of food as Nature has given it to us.

You take up a single grain of wheat—well, it is Nature's complete grocery store, having packed away in a marvellously small space, and in marvellous order, all the goods which are needed by all the tenants in this wonderful corporation which we call the human body.

Now, you let all the customers come into this grocery store, and not one of them will go empty away. The brain and nerves come, and find their soluble phosphates. The bones and teeth come, and find their insoluble phosphates for the hard framework. The muscles come, and find their nitrogenous elements out of which they build. And the lungs come and find their carbonaceous elements to keep the stoves going, and warm the whole household.

But suppose you are foolish enough to give way to that weak fancy, or that more foolish fashion, which demands the "superfine," and you must have bread which will rival the unsoiled snow in whiteness! Then what do you do for yourself and family? You deprive your grocer of a large portion of the best part of his stock, and consequently you compel some of the most important members of your household to go hungry, and stunt their development, and weaken their energies for sheer want of food.

The divine member at the top is starved, because the brain must have soluble phosphates to work up into intellectual light, but this goes out with the bran to feed the cows and horses; which, however, may account for the frequent instances of very knowing cattle we hear of. The whole system of the soul's telegraphy is deprived, too, of its full measure of essential fluids, necessary for subtle communication to and from the brain.

In other words, the soluble phosphates feed the nerves; and animal spirits, and a wholesome and steady flow of energy, depend upon an adequate supply of this subtle fluid which is secreted in the brain and fed out to the nerves. Paralysis, and neuralgia, and toothache, with all their dire brood, are God's commentary on this wichedness which robs Nature's grocer of a large share of his stock of goods.

What else is done in this effort to reach the "superfine," and the alabaster whiteness? For one thing, it insures wealth to a great many more doctors, and makes place for a great many more dentists. The insoluble phosphates furnish the frame to the building, and also the mill-stones for the miller. The silica, which is found associated with the very exterior of the grain, goes away with the bran, and we need not wonder, then, that our cows and calves have better teeth than our chil-The bones and the teeth demand their dren. share from the grocer, and they are compelled, by reason of this false practice, in most families, to come away with half rations. In this case, Nature does the best she can, and just as the builder does when he is cut short in timbers, and has insufficient supply of plaster and paint-the house is put up on a small scale; the layers of plaster, the hard finish, and the paint are laid on painfully

Without an illustration, we see diminished figures of young men and women; the bones are stinted of their needed elements, and accordingly are stunted in growth; the teeth carry a thia coating of enamel, and under the violent expanding and contracting effects of hot and cold food, soon crack, then decay, and are a trial when they come, a trial as long as they stay, and a trial when they go, being a profit to no mortal but the dentist.

This is about the state of the case, the observations of a distinguished German naturalist who is in doubt, notwithstanding. An eminent American physician tells us of the case of a little girl whom he had in charge. The little thing, when she was placed under his care, was welhigh destitute of teeth; was painfully diminutive in form, pale and puny. Like a wise physician he first examined closely into her diet and habits of life; learned that she had been fed, at her own sweet will, upon all the finest preparations of "superfine" flour in bread, cakes, and pastry; and had been daily indulged, to her heart's content, in the "best" preparations of the confectioner's art.

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The doctor immediately changed all this. He turned at once to the bone builders and prescribed plenty of coarse, plain food (including natural bread), and proscribed utterly all the nexious pastries, etc., and sent her to live more in the open air. The result was precisely what might have been anticipated. Her health was revolutionized. Her body began to grow rapidly because her bones were fed; and what was more delightful still, full-sized, healthy teeth began to make their appearance, and this fading doll was handed over to her anxious mother, a rosy-cheeked, vigorous child.

Another distinguished physician of this country

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has remarked, in effect, that if you want your children to grow up to a well-developed, vigorous, and healthful manhood and womanhood, you must attend especially to the bone building, during the period of growth. The fat and flesh can be put on afterward, but not the hundredth part of an inch can the bones be made to take on, after the season of growth has come to an end.

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Beans, barley and oatmeal have about three times more of the bone building and teeth-feeding elements than the best beef-steak, and as the lastnamed of the three is generally the best liked, it is especially excellent to give to children. Let the Canadian oats be selected, well cleaned by the smutt machine, ground coarse, and then not boiled so long as to destroy the distinct grains, or to transform it into a starchy mass. Then let it be eaten warm with milk, a little granulated sugar added, if preferred; and we venture to say it will become a daily favorite in any household where it is tried; and any family will find themselves a thousand-fold compensated for the experiment by the better development and better health of the children, and an improvement in all.

When the writer was in Edinburgh, the celebrated Dr. Guthrie called his special attention to the size of the Scotch people, and to the fact that the average size of their heads was greater than that of any other nation in the world, not excepting even the English; and when asked how he accounted for this, he replied that he thought it was owing largely to their universal devotion to oatmeal.

Indeed, the writer observed that the national dish was found upon the table at almost every meal, in the houses of the rich as well as the poor. In the morning came the mush, and in the evening the traditional cake, about the size of the crown of a hat, and a little harder than a sundried brick.

For further confirmation on this important question, let the writer add that he has found a great advantage to follow the daily use of (honest) brown bread and oatmeal in his own family. A child whose first teeth came through in a starved condition, so they began to decay at once and cause much suffering, is now blessed with as fine a set of second cutters as any one could ask, while the general health of all has improved. In fact we all vote that we must daily have our brown bread and its twin-sister dish of oatmeal.

## HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

### PUTTING THINGS AWAY.

Do men ever think, asks an exchange, how much time women spend in picking up and putting things away? Of course we do not mean to intimate that it is wasted, or that all this labor is done unnecessarily. Women have a wast amount of such work to perform, and few men realize its extent, or its necessity, until some accident or circumstance brings it home to them.

A married man said once, that he never realized the amount of work done in bringing things out and putting them away, until he happened to sit idly, watching the operation of setting the table, "getting tea," as it was called, at a neighbor's house, washing the dishes, and clearing them It struck him, for the first time, how much real labor had to be done in lifting and carrying, between table and pantry, and pantry and kitchen, and he determined to lessen such labor in his house, as much as possible, by constructing a kitchen in his house with every facility and convenience. He thought, with a sort of consternation, if one "tea" requires that amount of labor, what must the work of a house for a life-time amount to?-a very pretty problem which we should like to see answered.

It is a fact, however, that "putting things away" becomes a sort of mania with some neat

housewives, and not only gives them a vast amount of trouble, but sours their temper, and is a source of annoyance to every member of the family. From a habit, probably, of being upon one spot all the time, eternally seeing and doing the same things, it becomes a sort of mania, and is, in fact, a symptom of disease. We think a good plan, in such a case, would be, for the husband to insist on his wife taking a journey, making a visit home, or spending a couple of weeks at a watering-place, The change of scene, the breaking up of the monotony of her life, would do her a world of good. Her ideas would become enlarged; her thoughts travel out of their accustomed routine; and when she returned she would take up life less as a burden, and more as a basket of flowers, from which it is possible to extract beauty and fragrance.

# A NEGLECTED DUTY.

The desire of an energetic housekeeper to have her work done at an early hour in the morning, causes her to leave one of the most important items of neatness undone. The most effectual purifying of bed and bed-clothes cannot take place if the proper time is not allowed for the free circulation of pure air to remove all human impurities which have collected during the hours of slumber. At least two or three hours should be allowed for the complete remeval of atoms of insensible perspiration which are absorbed by the bed. Every day this airing should be done; and occasionally, bedding constantly used should be carried into the open air, and when practicable, left exposed to the sun and wind for half a day.

# CLEANSE AND VENTILATE YOUR CELLARS.

Most cellars contain a large amount of decomposing vegetable matter in the form of decaying fruits and vegetables, which give off their foul and poisonous gases during the process of decay. Then, again, they are usually damp, close, unventilated, and unsunned. Air which is kept confined and without the purifying influence of sunlight, soon becomes impure and unfit to breathe, and if to this we add the dampness and constantly escaping gases of decomposing vegetation, we have the condition of the atmosphere of cellars. This atmosphere is constantly finding its way into the dwelling above, often causing dangerous fevers, and always impairing the health of its occupants.

# CHLORIDE OF LIME,

Comparatively few people know the value of chloride of lime. It is only excelled by carbolic acid in preventing decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, and in removing impure odors. It is a good protection against all malarious diseases, and a small quantity should be kept in a room in an open dish through the warm weather, when such diseases are most provalent. Cellars where vegetables are kept should always be supplied with it. It also drives away vermin. Some caution is needed in its use, as it rusts steel and destroys gilt articles if placed near them. It is an excellent bleaching agent, but clothes bleached with it should be well and thoroughly rinsed, or it will injure them.

### WARFIELD'S COLD-WATER SELF-WASHING SOAP.

It is less than a year since this laundry soap came into use, and already large amounts of capital have been invested in its manufacture in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Wheeling, Chicago, Albany, and many other places. Its sale increases rapidly from day to day, and many of the manufacturers have found it almost impossible to keep pace with the demand. As a laundry soap it has no equal; as by its own action it releases dirt and grease, thus doing away

with boiling, rubbing, and half the time and labor usually spent in washing. There is nothing in it to injure the clothes, which wear twice as long as when treated in the old hard way. All that is required in its use, is that the suds be strong, and the clothes be permitted to soak in it for a short time—say from ten to thirty minutes—when the dirt can be squeezed out easily, and with little or rubbing. Thorough rinsing in two or three waters completes the work.

The comfort, economy, and saving of wear and tear in garments gained by use of this soap is so great, that no intelligent housekeeper who has once given it a fair trial will ever have any other.

### CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

FROZEN CUSTARD.—Beil two quarts of rich milk. Beat eight eggs and a tescupful of sugar together, and after the milk has boiled, pour it over the eggs and sugar, stirring all the while. Pour the whole mixture into your kettle, and let it come to a boil, stirring it constantly. Then take it off the fire, and let it become cold. Flavor it with whatever essence you profer. Then freeze it.

CARRIGAN CUSTARD.—Procure an ounce of carrigan moss, and divide it into four parts; one part is sufficient for one mess. Put the moss into water, and let it remain until it swells; then drain it, and put it into two pints and a half of milk, and place it over the fire; let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it continually; then strain it, sweeten it with loaf sugar, put it into oups, and grate nutmeg over the tops of them.

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WHIPPED CREAK.—Sweeten a pint of sweet cream, adding some essence of lemen. Then beat up the whites of four eggs very light, add them to the cream, and whip up both together; as the froth rises, skim it off, put it in glasses, and continue until they are filled.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth; then add a pint of currant jelly, and continue beating until it is as light as it can be made. If it does not rise well, add a little powdered sugar.

A Chear Sugan Cake.—Ingredients: Three eggs; quarter of a pound of butter; one pound of sugar; one teacupful of sour cream; and a teaspooful of soda; use just enough flour to make the dough of a consistency to roll it out. Flavor with nutmeg.

Conn-Stance Care.—Take a quarter of a pound each of flour, corn-starch, and butter; the whites, well beaten, of eight oggs; half a pound of sugar; a teaspoonful of cream of tertar; half a teaspoonful of soda; and flavor with the extract of almonds. Add in, last of all, the whites of the eggs.

## FRUIT CULTURE FOR LADIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARDENING FOR LADIES."

### WORK FOR THE MONTH.

PICKING FRUIT .- One of the important duties of the fruit grower is the picking of fruit and preparing it for market. All good fruit should be hand picked, and all fruit that shows bruises, worm holes, or decayed spots should be rejected. Autumn varieties should be picked when fully mature, but before they show signs of softening, so that they will reach the market before they are in eating condition. In preparing fine fruits, such as pears, for market, it is well to classify them, rejecting all the small and knotty specimens, putting the average specimens in one class, and the largest and finest in another. By this means the best will secure an extra price, while, if mixed with the others, they only bring the average price. It does not pay to send poor fruit to market. Apples may be ground and pressed for vinegar, and pears may have the sound portions cut out and dried.

SEEDS.—Peach and other stone fruit are to be mixed with earth and exposed to frost during the winter. Peach-stones are usually strewn thickly upon a bed and spaded in.

TRANSPLANTING.—Transplanting may be done this month for fruit trees, with the exception of stone fruits. There is usually more time than in the spring, and the work is consequently done more thoroughly.

BLAUKBERRIES.—As soon as the crop is off, the old canes may be removed. It is not absolutely essential that this should be done at once; but if delayed, the winter may prove too severe for outdoor work, and there is little time in the spring. The new canes should be pinched off to about five feet, if not already done, and these should be tied to stakes, or confined within a frame work. Our own experience proves the latter way the most preferable. Three or four canes to a stool are sufficient, and all others should be kept down.

RASPBERRIES.—All superfluous suckers should be kept down, and the canes tied to stakes, or to trellises. Black-caps may be propagated, if desired, by throwing a little earth on the overhanging tips, which will soon take root.

STRAWBERRIES.—Strawberries may be planted my time now until frost. We believe the preference is usually given to spring planting, but in our experience those planted in the fall have done quite as well if not better than those set out at any other time of the year. Pinch off the runners of those newly set, and keep the beds clear of weeds.

CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—Make cuttings of currants and gooseberries as soon as the wood is fully ripened, and set them out with a view to an increase of stock. Prune down the new wood of gooseberries to about the third bud. This must not, however, be done too early in the season, for if the weather should be mild, it will induce a pushing of leaves and blossoms which will materially injure the next year's crop.

## APPLE-TREE BORERS.

By September the grub or larva of the apple-tree borer will have out its way through the bark, and may be found between the bark and the sap wood. A little hole or a speck upon the bark, resembling very fine sawdust, will, on removal, reveal the burrow of the grub. With a sharp-pointed knife cut through the bark, and take it out. If it has burrowed into the wood, it must be removed by a flexible wire. The entrance of this grub into the tree is almost invariably an inch below the ground. It is best to carefully remove the dirt from around the tree for three or four inches. To be sure of success, leave the earth away from the tree, and repeat the hunt in the course of a week or two. Trees may be infested by this borer for a year or two before giving evidence of its presence. The first indications are a feeble growth and yellowish cast of the leaves.

# ASHES FOR PEACH-TREES.

In several of our exchanges, Dr. George B. Wood, President of the American Philosophical Society, is credited with having discovered that ashes are a sovereign remedy for all the diseases that attack the peach-tree. This certainly cannot be called a new discovery, because ashes have been used as a fertilizer for peach-trees ever since the introduction of this fruit into America.

The want of a sufficient amount of potash in the soil has been one of the principal causes of failure in nearly all of the old and long cultivated lands in the Eastern States; but where are the ashes to come from to enable us to remedy the evil? We may apply a few bushels per acre, but this will scarcely be a drop in the bucket, when compared with the amount left upon the soil at the time of burning the original forests. Ashes are good for peach-trees, and we would advise every grower of this fruit to use all he can get; but new lands will always be preferable to old, because they contain more potash, in addition to other important materials.—Hearth and Home.

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### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED. By T. S. Author. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. New York: Wm. Gibson, Jr. Boston: Geo. Maclean. Price \$2.50.

In his preface to this elegant volume of over four hundred pages, the author, referring to the title of his book, says:

"If they would never fade—these pure and fragrant blossoms! If the little foxes would never spoil the vines! They do not always fade, nor are the tender grapes always spoiled. There are many brows on which the orange blossoms are as fresh to-day as when placed there by loving hands in years long past. They will always be fresh and fragrant. Time has no power over them.

"But they fade—alas how quickly—on so many, many brows. To keep them fresh—to bring back their sweetness when faded—is the loving mission of our book. It is a book of life-pictures. It takes you into other homes, and makes you familiar with other experiences than your own. It shows you where others have erred; what pain and loss have followed, and how love, self-denial, and reason have turned sorrow into joy, and threatened disaster into permanent safety."

"Orange Blossoms," which is sold only by subscription, has a fine steel portrait of the author, and is charmingly illustrated by Lauderbach from original designs by Schussele and Bensell. In typography and binding it is equal to the best specimens of book-making.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS. Sermons by Robert Collyer. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

To a large class, sermons are looked upon as dry reading, and the impression is true in regard to too many books of sermons that are issued from the press. But in these discourses of Mr. Collyer there is a peculiar charm and freshness, and such a tender sympathy with all that is truly human, that the dullest reader cannot fail to be interested. They are full of suggestions to right living; of comfort in trial and sorrow; and of wise counsel to those who are in doubt and trouble. The discourse in this volume, to which the title of "Tender, Trusty, and True" is given, was preached to children, and is beyond all comparison the best of its kind we have ever read. No child could fail to be interested in every sentence; and the impression made would be lasting.

Robert Collyer is one of the remarkable men of the day. Few public speakers have such magnetic power over their audiences. His compositions are distinguished for grace, and strength, and richness, while his insight into human nature marks him as a man of close observation and profound thought. He is pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, the congregation of which have built a magnificent edifice, said to be the largest Protestant church in the North-west. And yet a little over ten years ago he was working at his trade as a blacksmith in Shoemakertown, Pa., whither he came from England, in 1850. Speaking of the man and his style of preaching, one who has had large opportunity to hear him, says:

"Mr. Collyer is in no sense a sensational preacher; but the bare announcement that he is to speak in any place fills the house to its utmost capacity; and audiences familiar with the eloquent oratory of a Beecher or a Chapin, recken it a privilege to look into the beaming face and listen to the earnest words of the blacksmith preacher.

"He stands before an audience with his sturdy English frame, and in simple Saxon phrase speaks such brave, true words, with such a strength and pathos, that the hearts of all who listen are thrilled by his eloquence. The secret of his power lies in this: He is free from the formality of the schools, independent of all dogmas and creeds, and has none of that cold intellectuality so often charged upon his denomination. He does not deliver his sermons, but they seem to utter themselves, as the overflowing of his love for his fellow-men and his trust in God; and for each listener there always seem to be special words of encouragement or consolation."

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Livers Men; Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

No one who read "Moods," one of Miss Alcott's earlier works, would have dreamed its author capable of books such as she has since produced. That was morbid in tone and pernicious in sentiment. But in "Little Women," and the works that followed after it, she has shown herself capable of something far better. She has, indeed, proved herself par excellence the delineator of American bome life, and especially of American children. The simple domestic stories have caused a sensation such as few novels have produced, and have won admiration from all because of their simplicity and truthfulness.

Scribner's Monthly for August says of "Little Men:" "It is not possible for any earnest and loving mother of boys to read the story of Jo's family without having her work made easier for the rest of her life. It is one of the best of the many good points in Miss Alcott's writing, this teaching fathers and mothers by winning the children first. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings she perfects her lessons, and so subtly that nobody suspects he is being instructed. Didactic would be the last adjective ever applied to her stories. People often resent even the word 'instructive,' used in description of them. It is better so. The beautiful healing will sink deeper for being undetected. If the titles had read, 'Little Women; or, How to Make Home Happy,' and

'Little Men; or, How to Bring up Boys,' the pride of the Natural Man and the Natural Woman would have taken fire instantly, and have rejected the gratuitous advice. But no one who loves and comprehends children, and (therefore) grieves over the sad failure of the average parent, the average home, can read these stories carefully without seeing that they are brimfal of cure for the common evils and mistakes in family management."

ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Hitherto," etc. Boston: Loring.

Next to Miss Alcott, Mrs. Whitney ranks as a writer for the young, or rather as a writer whose stories are alike welcome to young and old. There is a freshness and vigor in her style, and an originality in thought and expression, which strikes the reader pleasantly. "Zerub Throop's Experiment" varies somewhat from her previous works in having less of the juvenile element in it. It is an amusing and not uninstructive story, telling how Zerub Throop left certain affairs to Providence, and how Providence disposed of them curiously but satisfactorily.

Daist Ward's Work. By Mary W. McLain, anthor of "Lifting the Veil," etc. Boston: Loring.

All works which are written with a view toward the instruction and improvement of mankind, and especially those which aim to show to women some other path to independence besides the old tracks trodden so long, and so overcrowded, should be welcome books to the reading public, especially when they unite with their didactic character fair literary merit and average interest as a story. "Daisy Ward's Work" is a story of this class, telling in a pleasing and entertaining manner the aspirations, ambitions, difficulties, struggles, efforts, and final triumphs of a young girl in an art career. The moral of the story is not so prominent as to make it tiresome, and the book is well worth reading. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

UP THE BALTIC; OF, Young America in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic).

This is the first volume of the second series of "Young America Abroad," an entertaining and instructive series of works, impressing upon the youthful mind in the form of narrative various geographical facts. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE YOUNG DELIVERERS OF PLEASANT COVE. By Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston: Les & Shepard.

This is the second volume of the "Pleasant Cove Series," in which the author attempts to inculçate in his youthful readers "courage to dare, fortitude to endure, enterprise to accumulate, and pradence to retain," softened by the more generous sympathies which ennoble the character and link humanity together. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Jewish Cookery Book. By Mrs. Esther Levy. Philadelphia: W. S. Turner.

This receipt book is adapted to the needs of Jewish housekeepers, and is based on principles of economy, and is undertaken "with the view of proving that, without violating the precepts of the Jewish religion, a table can be spread which will satisfy the appetites of the most fastidious."

THE BOSTON DIP. And other Verses. By Fred. W. Loring. Boston: Loring.

The Boston correspondent of the New York Tribune, in speaking of the poems which this little volume contains, remarks that they are noticeable as "celebrating young love with a tenderness, flavored with a certain cool humor, which might have been done by Thackeray in that fresh, earnest, enthusiastic stage of his literary career, which he depicts in Arthur Pendennis."

Good Selections, IN PROSE AND POETEY. By W. M. Jelliffe, Teacher of Elocution. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

A collection of short articles and extracts in prose and poetry from the best English and American sources, and designed for use in schools and academies, home and church sociables, lyceums and literary societies.

School Material. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., Publishers and Manufacturers.

This book gives a complete illustrated list of desks, benches, seats, chairs, gymnastic apparatus, globes, charts, maps, blackboards, bells, indexes, and all the various necessary, convenient and desirable paraphernalia of the school-room. This pamphlet should be in the hands of all principals, superintendents, and directors of schools. Address J. W. Schermerhorn, 14 Bond Street, New York, P. O. Box 3445.

THE QUAINT ROMANCE OF WILLIAM WHACE, a most exemplary Young Drake, that by his Life, Exploite, and End showed what high Flights a Duck can take. By Burgoo Zac. Cincinnati; Printed by the Author.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL COMMITTER OF THE CINCINNATI IN-DUSTRIAL EXPOSITION. Cincinnati: Published by the General Committee.

This exposition was held in Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, Board of Trade, and Chamber of Commerce, from September 21st to October 22d, 1870. Accompanying this pamphlet is a circular announcing a similar exposition to be held from September 6th to October 7th of the present year.

THE LYCKUM MAGAZINE. Edited by the Boston Lyceum Bureau, and containing its Third Annual List, for the season of 1871-1872. Boston: Redpath & Fall.

We have received the July number of this magazine, containing, beside the list of lecturers, readers, etc., articles from prominent publications and from well-known writers, relating to lecturers and lecturing, and containing much information of value to lyceum associations and to the lyceumgoing public generally.

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### EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

## GAIL HAMILTON'S "INDEPENDENT" ARTICLES.

Gail Hamilton, judging from her acrimonious articles in the New York Independent is evidently desirious of emulating the writer of the Saturday Review, who, for so long a time has plied a pitiless lash over the backs of her sex. There is, however, one attribute of the trans-Atlantic writer which is wanting in Gail Hamilton. The former has consideration enough to divide her victims into classes, and by this means the flagellation which each receives individually is comparatively light.

Gail, on the contrary, charges all women with all manner of offences and misdoings. There is, according to her statement, no sin so black but all women are capable of committing it; no error so venial but they are all subject to it.

Will a man cheat you in a business way? Then a woman will steal and tell falsehoods in a most unbusiness-like manner, and with a straightforwardness and matter-of-course air that actually almost serves as its own palliation. Men are sometimes guilty of saying commonplace things from the lyceum platform; but women talk arrant nonsense with the air of enunciating the profoundest wisdom. The modern Jenkins enters your parlor and takes a note of your personal appearance, together with an inventory of your furniture and a list of your guests. But Mrs. Jenkins does not scruple, if we are to believe this piquant writer, to listen at keyholes and from behind curtains; not only to detail your outward appearance, but actually to lift the hem of your robe, that she may take note of the garments beneath, and edify the public by a description of them; to pry into the most secluded spartments, and spread abroad the most private affairs. And so on, through the whole list of human offences.

Gail Hamilton makes no distinction. All women do, or are capable of doing all these things; and she has taken it upon herself to call them publicly to account for it. And all women must receive a share of her openly indicted punishment, whether guilty or not.

"There! see what one of your own sex thinks of you; and hold up your heads in the future, and talk about your 'rights' if you can!" That is the cry of the triumphant male spectators.

Never mind. No doubt their turn will come next, when the women shall be sufficiently humbled.

We do not claim that society has reached that millennial state in which women are all angels, and no doubt there are certain grounds for Gail Hamilton's fault-finding. But there are two ways of pointing out error and administering reproof. One way is pursued in a spirit of love, gentleness and forbearance, that spares all unnecessary pain, and does not hold up the culprit to the gase and taunts of the curious public. The other way is pursued not for the good of the victim, but for the purpose of displaying the superiority of the menter. That way is cold, brilliant, heartless and egotistical, devoid of judgment and untempered by mercy.

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Which way Gail Hamilton has chosen let those judge who have read her Independent articles.

### THE NEW CANCER CURE.

A South American Indian woman whose husband was suffering from an internal cancer, decided, as an act of mercy, to put him out of his misery by administering poison to him. Knowing the fruit of the cundurango tree to be an active poison, as she could not get the fruit itself, she resolved to try a decoction of the wood. But the first dose, instead of killing the man, seemed to give him relief; so she continued the cundurango from day to day, until, to her astonishment and joy, he reached complete recevery.

The matter was investigated by physicians, who declared the cundurange to be a specific in cases of cancer and diseases of a like nature.

Our minister to Equador, Hon. E. Rumsey Wing, sent on to the State Department at Washington a package of the wood, accompanied by a letter stating the above facts.

D. W. Bliss, M. D., in whose hands a quantity of the cundurango bark was placed for experiment and trial, writes to the editor of Hame and Health that he has administered it to Mrs. G. W. Matthews, the mother of the Vice-President, who has cancer of the breast, typical in appearance, and far advanced in its course. After the remedy had been administered for twenty days, all the typical symptoms of the blood poison had subsided, and her health had rapidly improved. Other cases quite as severe and well marked are under treatment, and promptly progressing to recovery. Dr. Bliss expresses himself as quite "confident that the cundurango is quite as reliable a specific in cancer, scrofula, and other blood diseases, as chinchons and its alkaloid have proved to be in Zymotie diseases."

Dr. P. F. Keene sailed in May for Equador for the purpose of obtaining a supply of the bark, as it is but little known, and not yet an article of summures: By the 1st of August an invoice is expected to arrive, when physicians can be supplied with directions for its use.

If this remedy prove to be all that is claimed for it, it is one of the most fortunate discoveries

of the age. It is to be hoped that in its use by the profession, greed of gain will not be allowed to overbalance philanthropy, so that all sufferers, the poor as well as the rich, may receive its benefits. There is, of course, difficulty and expense in obtaining cundurange bark now, but if its merits should be fully established, it will in time be imported regularly, at no greater cost than Peruvian bark and other foreign medicinal substances.

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# LIP ORNAMENTS.

The following quotation, from the second volume of Darwin's "Descent of Man," is amusing, and at the same time contains a moral for those who are clear-sighted enough to see it:

"In Central Africa the women perforate the lower lip and wear a crystal, which, from the movement of the tongue, has a wriggling motion indescribably ludicrous during conversation. The wife of the chief of Latooka told Sir S. Baker that his wife would be much improved if she would extract her four front teeth from the lower jaw, and wear the long-pointed, polished crystal in her under lip. Parther south, with the Makalolo, the upper lip is perforated, and a large metal and bamboo ring, called a pelelé, is worn in the hole. This caused the lip, in one case, to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose; and whon the lady smiled, the contraction of the muscles elevated it over the eyes. 'Why do women wear these things?' the venerable chief, Chinsurdi, was asked. Evidently susprised at such a stupid question, he replied: 'For beauty! They are the only beautiful things women have. Men have beards, women have none. What kind of a person would the be without the pelelé? She would not be a woman at all, with a mouth like a man and no beard."

Is not the moral obvious? There are a certain class of people, not so remete as the Makalolos, who, upon principle, dwarf and deform women, physically, morally, and intellectually. When remonstrated with, and told that God and nature know best what womanly attributes and womanly capabilities really are, they cannot be convinced, but persist in hedging them in on every side by arbitrary restraints, by public opinion, and by prejudice. Like the negro chief, they reply when questioned: "Delicacy of health, a charming ignorance, and a blind reliance in the wisdom and goodness of her master, are the greatest attractions a roman can have. What kind of a person would the be without these feminine attributes? Men have brains, women have none. She would not be woman at all with intellect like a man and no eard." Only some of them seem to be afraid that if women were allowed the same opportunities for development as men the beard would certainly grow. And then, it is evident, there would be nly men, and the end of the world would come.

### "DOLLAR" JEWELRY.

Demores's Monthly has some exceedingly sensible remarks on the subject of sham jewelry, which it would be well for every one to read and remember. We have, before now, expressed our opinion on the same subject, and to still further impress the matter upon the minds of our readers, we quote from that monthly:

"Brass is always turning up in some form or other as pure gold, and, by deceiving unwary and credulous people, puts real money into its own purse. There is only one kind of gold, and every one knows it. They know that it is a standard article, and that it costs just so much to get it. They know that, so highly is it valued, that it takes one hundred and twelve dollars in greenbacks to purchase one hundred dollars in gold; and yet they can be made to believe that there is gold, just as good as the roal article, which can be almost picked up in the streets, and which can be bought for a song, the sellers being animated by feelings of the purest philanthropy in bringing the valuable metal before the public.

"The fact that people can be fooled in this way one time after another, shows that they rather like it, and affords in itself the strongest encouragement to larger experiments of the same kind. One time it is 'dollar jewelry;' another time it is 'Abyssinian' gold; and a third time a display line in leading papers, advertising the merits of 'Milton' gold. Now, all this stuff is utterly worthless-it has not a particle of value in such a small quantity, except what may attach to the workmanship. To buy it is simply to throw money away upon it, which might be put to good use. There is nothing so poor, so tawdry, so destitute of all value, so despised by respectable people, as brass jewelry. It may take any name it pleases, the brass sticks out unmistakably.

"Do not be misied by large-sounding advertisements; do not waste money on such a miserable attempt at display. The absence of jewelry will not be noticed; in fact, there are people worth millions of money who could not be induced to wear it; but the presence of a sham will at once set you down as a pretender, as a fraud, in a certain sense, and we advise our young readers, especially, to bave none of it. If you are fond of jowelry, wait until you can afford a purchase of real value, be it ever so small; but do not misrepresent your taste, and your love of truth, by parading 'Brummagen.'"

SPIRIT is now a very fashionable word. To act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly, to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.

He who murmure at his lot is like one baring his feet to trend upon thorns.

#### RICHARD GRANT WHITE AS A NOV-ELIST.

We subjoin the following, which we cut from one of our exchanges, as an amusing illustration of what a slight error in punctuation will do in altering the sense. We sopy the punctuation exactly as found in the exchange:

"Richard Grant White, says Scott, though the most vivid, imaginative and creative of novelists, is one of the most incorrect of writers; hardly a page of his work is without some error of fact, or in the use of words, or in the construction of sen-

tences."

We think Mr. Richard Grant White himself, no less than his friends and admirers, will be astoniahed to find him set down as a "givid, imaginative and creative novelist," and will wonder whether the work of fiction which has earned him this reputation, can be his "Words and their Uses." The most ludicrous part, in consideration of Mr. White's favorite hobby, as exemplified in his writings, is the criticism appended, in which he is accused of constant "error of fact, or in the use of words, or in the centraction of sentences." Omit the first comma, and insert a colon after "says," and the real reading of the sentence will be made clear.

#### A LOST ART REGAINED.

Madame Andri Bersani, a poor Venetian workwoman, has discovered the stitch of the old Venetian point lace, which has been lost since the thirteenth century. This woman earned her living by mending old lace. After many trials in picking to pieces bits of the ancient fabric, she found the lost stitch, and immediately she began to put it into practice, first in her mending, and afterwards in making new pieces of the precious stuff. For the patterns she went to various artists, but none of them could assist her in imitating old designs; and alone and unaided, by infinite perseverance, she at last succeeded in drawing the ancient patterns for herself. The Italian government has granted her the exclusive right of working in her discovery for fifteen years.

### THE HELPING HAND.

"The Helping Hand of Brooklyn" is the name of a new philanthropic institution just organized under the laws of the State of New York. These are among its specific objects: To instruct women in the various useful pursuits open to femsel labor; to give or procure for them employment so far as possible, and, when necessary, to care for their children when they go out to days' labor; to offer temporary railef in cases of urgent need; to investigate all cases of apparent need; and to aid or send where aid may be more properly given; to establish an industrial school for the teaching of those who cannot go to other schools; also evening schools. The trustees are Stephen Ballard,

Colin Campbell, J. T. Duryes, Richard B. Duane, James H. Elwell, H. H. Lamport, Curtis L. North, E. B. Rollins, J. L. Stophene, Edward Titus, William H. Smith, and Henry A. Richardson. It is in contemplation to purchase or construct a building without delay.

We note with pleasure this new Christian charity, and hope to see its extension into all our large

cities.

### WOMEN AND WAR.

Scribner's Monthly for July, among several other equally wise remarks on the "Woman Question," askes as follows in relation to women and war:

"Would a lack of all personal risk and responsibility, on the part of those delegated to establish and pronounce the policy of a nation, tend to prudent counsels and careful decisions?"

Have mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters no personal interest in war, even if, strictly speaking, they run no "personal risk," or feel no "personal responsibility?" What wife or mother would not rather go with or for her husband or bons than remain at home and endure the cruel suspense and agony of grief which must be hers? Read the following extract from the "Blockade of Phalsburg," by Erckmann-Chatrian. In it is given a clearer insight into woman nature than Dr. Holland seems to possess:

"At evening, when we sat at supper around the lamp with its seven burners, their mother would sometimes cover her face and say: 'My poor children! my poor children! When I think that the time is near when you will go in the midst of musket and bayonet fire—in the midst of thunder and lightning—oh, how dreadful!"

Yet, because this women had no "personal risk and responsibility," Dr. Holland would not dare trust her to give "prudent counsels and careful decisions."

### A GOOD PRECEDENT.

A man recently died at Ironton, Ohio, of delirium tremens, and his widow brought suit against the rumseller who had supplied her husband with liquor. The court awarded her \$5,000 damages. If rumsellers had to pay a fine of \$5,000 for each death caused, directly or indirectly, by the drinking of the liquors they sell, they would disappear like dew before the sun, and seek a more useful calling. May this good example be followed by the wives and widows of drunkards generally.

Take eare always to form your establishment so much within your income as to leave a sufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year is any man's life in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage.